

Sports Illustrated

JUNE 19, 1978

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That's why New York Life has introduced a new Budget Policy as part of our Series 78. And it may be just the thing for you.

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Our Budget Policy. It's just one of New York Life's new Series 78 policies with more for you. Ask your New York Life Agent for details today.



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Panasonic pumped up its Sound Pumps™ II to pump out high-octane music.

Until Panasonic Sound Pumps II, most car loudspeakers couldn't scream without making a lot of noise. But you won't be let down when you turn up the volume on Sound Pumps II.

Sound Pumps II are coaxial, high-compliance, high-performance speakers. Their heavy magnets can sustain 20-watt peaks. They have a sensitive voice coil, a tweeter that creates tight, crisp highs, and a woofer that reproduces bass notes so deep you'll think your car has a basement.

The 6" by 9" Sound Pumps II creates sound that's larger than life and almost too big for a car. And to let you put the sound anywhere you want it, Sound Pumps II also come in 4" by 10" and 5¼" round configurations.

Panasonic Sound Pumps II. They'll fuel-inject your car with high-octane music.

Panasonic.
just slightly ahead of our time.



Cutlass Salon takes on Audi Fox and VW Dasher.

Noticed what's happened to the price of imports today? It stands to reason that if a foreign car is going to be priced higher than an Oldsmobile Cutlass Salon, you might expect more size and room for

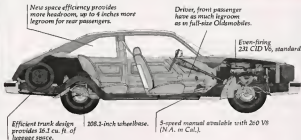
your money. Yet, Salon gives you more headroom, legroom and shoulder room than these imports. Plus the roomy comfort, trunk space and fuel economy you need. And, Oldsmobile engineering.

	Price	Economy		Room and Comfort						Trunk	
		Power Steer	EPA Mileage† Hwy-City Combined	Front Head- Room† (in.)	Front Leg- Room† (in.)	Front Shoulder Room† (in.)	Rear Head- Room† (in.)	Rear Leg- Room† (in.)	Rear Shoulder Room† (in.)		Luggage Capacity† (cu. ft.)
Cutlass Salon Coupe	\$4751*		231 CID 6 cyl., automatic*	27-19-22	37.9	42.8	56.8	38.2	35.1	55.7	16.1
Audi Fox 849	\$6249*		97 CID 4 cyl., automatic*	29-20-23	37.6	40.9	53.9	37.3	31.7	53.3	10.7
VW Dasher 3243/83	\$6270*		97 CID 4 cyl., automatic*	29-20-23	37.6	40.9	53.9	37.0	30.5	53.3	18.4

*Manufacturers' suggested retail prices for models shown equipped with automatic transmission, including dealer prep. Level of std. equipment will vary by car line. Cal. MSRP are: Salon, \$4826; Fox, \$6249; Dasher, \$6270. Taxes, license, destination charges and other available equipment additional. Salons are equipped with GM-built engines from various divisions. See your dealer for details.

†Source: 1978 EPA data. Mileage figures are from the EPA Federal Buyer's Guide and are estimates: your mileage will vary with how and where you drive, your car's condition and equipment. Cal. EPA highway-city-combined estimates are: Salon, 23-16-18; Fox, 30-22-25; Dasher, 30-22-25.

CUTLASS SALON



Oldsmobile

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PPG glass reflects the beauty of saving energy.

Crowning jewel of the renaissance of downtown Los Angeles is the dramatic new Bonaventure Hotel, a vibrant architectural statement from an exciting city.

Its centerpiece is a gleaming 35-floor cylinder with four connecting towers. The entire structure wears a skin of 310,000 square feet of Solarcool[®] Bronze reflective glass, the largest application of this glass in the world.

But spectacular appearance is not the only reason for using

Solarcool Bronze glass. Its ability to reduce solar heat gain is the ingredient that makes such a lavish design statement so practical in the warm Southern California climate.

Making glass play more than its conventional role is PPG's way of doing business. We take the products we know best in chemicals, glass, fiber glass, coatings and resins and improve them through research and manufacturing so that their value and usefulness to our customers are increased.

For a multi-industry company, it's a great way to grow.

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**PPG: a Concern
for the Future**



IBM Reports

Information: inflation's enemy.

Can you name something that actually costs *less* today, a lot less? Something that can help fight the rising cost of the things you buy?

We can: information technology.

A series of computations that cost \$1.26 to do on an IBM computer in 1952 can now be done for 7/10ths of a penny. That's 180 times less. (As a matter of fact, it's really 400 times less if you figure what a dollar was worth in 1952.)

Innovating to Reduce Costs

The continuing improvement in the performance-per-dollar of information technology is the result of innovation. Innovation that has made IBM computers more than a thousand times faster than the first commercial models of just 26 years ago.

Innovation that comes from applying brains and research dollars to finding better, less costly ways to help put information to work for people. Innovation, not only by IBM, but by hundreds of companies in the information technology business.

Innovation. It helps limit the bite of inflation.

Declining Costs Spur Productivity

Equally important, such price-performance improvements make it increasingly practical for businesses, schools, hospitals, municipalities and others to use information technology in an ever-widening range of applications—to improve productivity to keep costs to a minimum.

Productivity. It helps limit the bite of inflation, too.

Sure, the causes of inflation are many and complex. Sure, there's no easy solution to the inflationary spiral... but it's clear information technology can help.

We're proud to be part of a young, innovative industry that one day may help bring inflation to its knees. In the meantime, we plan to keep meeting inflation head-on with innovation and productivity... every chance we get.

The IBM logo, consisting of the letters "IBM" in a bold, sans-serif font, with horizontal stripes integrated into the letters.

Footloose

by ART LEE

AN ANGLER IN BELIZE GETS TWO TROPHY FISH—A CARVED DOLPHIN AND SHARK

Most of the foreigners in Belize City seemed to be light-tackle fishermen, but that may have been because I was going fishing, too. A few folks said they were in Belize formerly British Honduras, on business, and they had about them that speculative look of rum-and-Coke complexion and tropical suns that somehow never fit right. You are certain to meet at least one Sydney Greenstreet for every hour logged in the lobby or bar of the Fort George Hotel.

Much of this city of 48,000 people consists of wooden buildings on stilts, because it lies below sea level, protected from flooding by the longest barrier reef in the Western Hemisphere. There is a crowded harbor and an interesting market where one can buy colorful cloth, ethnic items and gringos hang up by their tails. The people are friendly and most of them speak English to visitors and Creoles to each other. But in all, Belize City is hot and muggy and poor, and you will find less tourist accommodations. Those who like the place as I did are probably more traveler than tourist.

The country of Belize is tiny—8,866 square miles—but despite overexploitation by British colonialists in search of mahogany, it is still rich in hardwood. English timber interests clear-cut entire regions, but left a hardwood tree called *varicose*, probably because they didn't know what to do with it. What the British didn't know was that they were leaving the best stuff behind.

Franklin McCoy, a gentle man with a voice like rabbit fur, showed me Belize City. His old Ford taxi had a sticky door on the passenger's side, and each time I suggested a stop during our tour McCoy stomped on the brakes and leaped from the car right into oncoming traffic. Horns belled and cars veered as he spun clear, the drivers cursing, but seconds later McCoy would appear untroubled at the taxi window to hand at the sub-born deer latch and bow ceremoniously to me when it finally gave.

I bought rations of light rum for our home fishing trip and a couple of packs of Belizean cigarettes, which are excellent, and told McCoy that before picking off to the out islands I wanted a *varicose* carving. Not a surfboard or ferocity mark, it had to be a fish—maybe a tarpon or bonefish or hammerhead shark—a much better work than that sold on the lawn and in the lobby of the Fort George. He sent our

remains

Yashica's new electronic cameras come with a Free 90-minute course!

Imagine! Free private photography lessons right in your own home. Yashica's "35mm World" teaches you all the basic camera functions with an easy-to-understand cassette tape and full-color illustrated guide of valuable facts about photography. This limited time offer valued at \$14.95 is yours free when you purchase your new Yashica FR, FR1, or FR11 camera before July 31, 1978.

There's lots to learn. After all, the Yashica FR's are among the world's most sophisticated cameras. See your participating Yashica dealer and take advantage of this special offer.

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*FR is a Registered Trademark of Cosmagonics Corp.



"Danny D. is still figuring the score and looking for an edge in a world of perfidy, affecting disguises, playing dumb and shooting smart, a chameleon fitting into the background with a makeup kit filled with jars of deceit and trickery. . . . But he is 42 years old and does not know if he will be a winner or a loser tomorrow—and he realizes that he must go on making his way in the shadows, as unobtrusively as possible, never really showing himself. On the rare occasions when he does, Danny D. is a kitchen insect caught in sudden light, skittering away, hoping that a pool stick will not split his skull—*thwack*."

Where did this appear? The New Yorker? People? Esquire? No, it's from *Easy Times the Hard Way* by Barry McDermott in Sports Illustrated, where the world of sport, like the world at large, has its seamy underside.

Sports Illustrated

We are sports in print.

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



DAVID A. GORDON

HOME: Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

AGE: 34

PROFESSION: Film company president, writer/producer

HOBBIES: Tennis, camping, photography.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Established the Exceptional Child Development Center, Inc., a national organization providing mental and physical development aids to parents of handicapped and retarded children.

QUOTE: "We have to discover ourselves before we can accomplish anything worthwhile for others."

PROFILE: Warm, perceptive. Believes that everyone has a right to realize his talents, and to appreciate the pleasures of life.

HIS SCOTCH:

Dewar's "White Label."

*A heritage of uncompromising quality.
Dewar's never varies.*



FOOTLOOSE continued

man was Egbert Peyrefitte. McFoy, it turned out, had an eye for more than dodging traffic.

Peyrefitte's home and shop were in a clapboard building with peeling paint on Cemetery Road, where most houses have no paint at all. A hand-painted sign showed the silhouette of a whitetip shark. An arrow directed us through a maze of fenced-in dirt paths to where the wood-carver and a crowd of helpers worked. If you miss the sign and the arrow, and McFoy isn't along to guide you just keep going to the source of the blaring calypso rock 'n' roll you'll hear.

Peyrefitte and his family, relatives and friends work outdoors because it is cooler. There was a lot of noise—sawing, scraping, whining—and chatter, musical Creole and laughter. Roosters pecked among the wood chips. Peyrefitte was a big man with a handshake strengthened by years of swinging his machete. Before doing business with me he introduced everyone, offered a Coke or beer and slapped me heavily on the shoulder. But even when I finally got down to business, Peyrefitte didn't seem to want to sell me anything.

There was a disorder about the yard that belied the art coming out of it. Peyrefitte and his assistants had assembled two or three sailboats and carved a few masks, but mostly there were fish—dolphins, graceful whitetips, lemon sharks and hammerheads plus one handsome tarpon and a smart permit, both made for an American who, Peyrefitte was sure, would return for them late that afternoon after fishing. Yes, they were mine, if the American didn't show. No chance, I read in the look on McFoy's face.

It required no particular esthetic sense to see that rancote was beautiful wood, even in the rough. It takes many years' experience, Peyrefitte explained, to teach a craftsman to visualize the pattern of black and other grain within each log that dictates what can best be made of it. "Me I must see this log as a shark, that one as a mask, before I will go to work on it," he said. "You cannot guess and do good work."

The grain flowed the length of each Peyrefitte fish like a running, tropical tide. It was tough to decide among the carvings, but in the end I picked a hammerhead (\$20) and a big dolphin (\$35). Just before I left—about the third time I'd caught McFoy looking discreetly at his watch—I agonized over a fertility mask. I finally decided that the mask looked so good it might really work—not exactly what my wife and I needed at the moment—and so I passed it up.

The dolphin is now on my bureau to remind me of what I want to do today—go fishing—while the hammerhead on my worktable threatens me with what to expect from all those creditors lurking in the mailbox if I don't go to work.

END

AMERICA TAKES TO THE HORIZON.



41/27*/\$3881**

MPG HWY MPG CITY AS SHOWN BELOW

*EPA estimates for Horizon with manual transmission, without optional air conditioning and power steering. Your actual mileage may differ, depending on your driving habits, the condition of your car and its optional equipment. California mileage lower.

**Base sticker price excluding taxes and destination charges.



New Plymouth Horizon. People are taking it everywhere. On any kind of road, in any kind of weather, on every kind of trip. Front-wheel drive is one reason why. It gives Horizon great stability and it gives you a great feeling of confidence.

And people are taking it because Horizon can take a lot of people. Four big adults can ride in

comfort. And there's plenty of room to take all the things that people need.

Horizon gives you a lot of unexpected standard features, like front bucket seats, AM radio, whitewall radial tires, rack and pinion steering and front disc brakes.

And at \$3881, it's easy to take.



**WHEN YOU WANT TO GO ANYWHERE IN COMFORT AND CONFIDENCE.
RELAX. PLYMOUTH HORIZON CAN HANDLE IT.**



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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

JOHN ROSEBORO SETS THE RECORD STRAIGHT ON HIS BIG LEAGUE CAREER

It is the misfortune of John Roseboro, who in nearly a decade and a half of major league ball compiled an entirely respectable record, that he should be best remembered not for his batting or catching, but for the lamentable 1965 incident in which an enraged Joan Marchal tattooed Roseboro's head with his bat. As Roseboro says, "It's too bad, because a ballplayer would like to be remembered for something better than a bloody brawl..."

So in hopes of setting the record straight, Roseboro has told his life story, with the help of Bill Libby, in *Glory Days with the Dodgers* (Atheneum, \$9.95). As sports autobiographies go, it is several cuts above the run-of-the-mill. In part, that is because Roseboro is an intelligent, well-spoken man; also because he has led a complicated, interesting life and talks about it candidly.

After several years in the minor leagues and the Army, Roseboro took over the first-string catching job for the Dodgers in 1958 (after Roy Campanella's auto accident) and held it for 10 seasons. Those were the Kousser-Drysdale years, when the Dodgers took four National League pennants and three world championships, and Roseboro remembers them with enormous affection. He has kind, but often irreverent, things to say about his teammates (notably his friend Maury Wills, fans who like locker-room gossip will enjoy the tales he tells).

A solid defensive catcher and a productive hitter, belying his lifetime .249 batting average, Roseboro looks back on his career with unboastful pride. "Frankly, I think I became the best catcher in the league in the 1960s. No Johnny Bench by any means, but Bench didn't come along until later. . . I was at least one of the best in my years. I made a lot of All-Star teams and deserved it."

Of other aspects of his life, Roseboro is less pleased. No black militant, he nonetheless remembers spring-training segregation in the '50s and early '60s with bitterness. He has few kind words for the Twins and the Senators, the teams with which he played the last few years of his career. Nor does he have many for his ex-wife—though it would be nice to hear her side of the story. And his account of his postbaseball years—when bad investments bankrupted him, and he went through a humiliating search for work—is genuinely poignant.

Now Roseboro has found a new career in public relations. He has also put together a book that modestly reminds us that baseball stars are human beings, too.

END

By the time you're 35, you've probably got 40,000 miles on your feet.*



And you can't trade them in.

The average American puts over 1,200 miles a year on his feet.* And they are one means of transportation that have to last you a lifetime. So you better take care of them.

Eight potential signs of trouble.

1. Do you have thick, hardened areas of skin on the soles, sides, or heels of your feet?
2. Are there bumps of hard, dead skin on the tops of your toes?
3. Is there itching or cracking of skin between your toes?
4. Do the arches or insteps of your feet ever ache?
5. Are your feet generally fatigued at the end of the day?
6. Do your feet ever feel hot or tender?
7. Are you embarrassed by foot perspiration or odor?
8. Do your feet, knees, or elbows show signs of rough, dry or hard skin?

If you answered yes to any of the above, here are a few of the ways Dr. Scholl's can help.

1. **Callouses.** Zino® callous pads with medicated disks for removal. Kuratex® moleskin for protection of sore tender areas.
2. **Corns.** Zino® corn pads with medicated disks for removal, or "2" Drop® liquid as directed for

fast removal of hard corns. Also, non-medicated Foam-Ease® pads for protection.

3. **Athlete's Foot.** Dr. Scholl's Solvex® helps keep you on your toes by killing athlete's foot fungi on contact, while controlling the itching and burning.
4. **Weak Arches.** Flexo® Foam Arch provides comfort and soft cushioning support.
5. **Foot Fatigue.** Dr. Scholl's Air-Pillo® Insoles will help put the spring back in your step when you're on your feet all day.
6. **Hot Tender Feet.** Dr. Scholl's



Foot Powder, when used daily, soothes, cools and reduces shoe friction.

7. **Perspiration.** Dr. Scholl's Foot Deodorant Spray helps feet stay odor-free.
8. **Rough Dry Skin.** Scholl



Rough Skin Remover gently smooths away rough skin on feet, knees and elbows. Scholl Softening Lotion smooths and helps restore moisture balance.

Preventive maintenance for feet.

Daily attention to your feet helps keep trouble from starting up. Not

only will your feet feel good, chances are you'll feel good all over. But if a problem persists, see your physician or podiatrist.

Where to go for service.

There's a Dr. Scholl's Foot Care Center near you offering the relief, comfort or beauty product that best meets your individual needs.

So when you think about foot care, go to the Dr. Scholl's display. The best way to get maximum mileage from your feet.



Dr. Scholl's

The Service Station for feet.

*Estimated average based on information received from the American Podiatry Association.

Vigorous enforcement of existing jobs for steelworkers -- and for a



**Fair play in steel trade:
part of the solution to the steel industry puzzle**

trade laws can save lot of other Americans, too.

America's existing trade laws were designed to encourage fair trade between our nation and others...and also to prevent damage to any domestic industry caused by unfair trade practices.

One of America's trade laws states that it's illegal for a foreign producer to sell his product in the U.S. at a price below his full cost of production.

That's called "dumping." And that's what foreign steel producers have been doing in recent years. "Dumping" their products in the U.S.—in order to keep their plants running, their people employed. What they do, in effect, is export their unemployment to the U.S.

But "dumping" is not just a steel industry problem. That illegal practice affects many American industries and many hundreds of thousands of workers.

One answer: enforce the existing trade laws

Free trade, yes. But fair. We don't think any American industry is asking for too much when it demands fair play here in our own country. When it asks our government for vigorous and effective enforcement of existing laws.

Trigger pricing

One attempt to achieve fair

play for America's steel industry is the trigger price mechanism implemented by the Administration.

Objectives of the mechanism are (1) to monitor the prices of steel imports into the U.S. and (2) to initiate accelerated anti-dumping investigations of imports priced below the trigger price mechanism.

To be effective, the mechanism must reflect the full cost of the foreign producer for steel landed in the U.S. If it does not, it will not really eliminate the unfair trade practice of "dumping."

Still needed: U.S. tariffs on steel

Regardless of the ultimate impact of the trigger price mechanism,

we believe that existing U.S. tariffs on steel should be retained. These tariffs are an element of moderation in the international arena for steel trade. They must be maintained until such time as fair and nondiscriminatory world trade in steel has been achieved.


Washington must help

Unfair trade practices, such as "dumping," benefit foreign products and foreign workers at the expense of our own. If you believe the U.S. government should enforce U.S. laws to stop such unfair practices, please write your representatives in Washington and tell them so.

Bethlehem Steel Corporation,
Bethlehem, PA 18016.



Bethlehem 
In search of solutions



The most
refreshing taste
you can get
in any cigarette.



No wonder it's America's #1 menthol.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine; Lights, 16 mg. "tar,"
1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

BLOODLINE

Phil Linsford, a shortstop who was the Cleveland Indians' first pick in last week's college draft, is the younger brother of Carney Linsford, the rookie third baseman for the Angels; the third cousin of Buck Linsford, a guard for the Rams in the late '50s; the fourth cousin of Tex Ritter, the country-and-western star, and a direct descendant of Sir Francis Drake.

PROPOSITION 13

With the overwhelming passage of Proposition 13, which cuts California property taxes an average 57%, there is total confusion about funding for high school and junior college sports (state universities are unaffected because they are not funded through property taxes). It will take state officials at least a month to decide how much of an estimated \$5 billion treasury surplus they will distribute to the cities, counties and school districts that now have the shorts.

William W. Russell, commissioner of the California Interscholastic Federation, which has 1,200 member schools, says, "Each district will decide whether it will have athletics, and how much. When that is accomplished the CIF will have to adjust its program to take care of whatever the program may be."

Unless the state helps out, the Long Beach Unified School District stands to lose 46% of its revenues, and a provisional budget approved last March, which assumed passage of Proposition 13, eliminates all high school athletic programs. The Los Angeles City Board of Education will lose 74% of its operating budget, \$752 million; Bill Rivera, special assistant to the L.A. superintendent, says, "One of the things to be eliminated is not only the entire athletic program but all of the extracurricular activities. It's all one large package—athletics, journalism, speech, yearbook, band."

The Santa Ana School District in Orange County proposes to do away with junior high sports while trying to maintain varsity sports in the high schools.

"This all hinges on having someone to play," says Bus McKnight, Coordinator of Athletics. "If we have no opponent, it's pretty hard to play a game."

SNEAK PREVIEW

Attention, NFL draft picks, particularly you guys from the lower rounds. You'll be getting a quick look this summer because there will be only four exhibition games as a result of the new 16-game season. "Now the rookies will get only two exhibition games to make the squad," says Coach Tom Landry of the Cowboys, a team that has stressed youth. Chuck Fairbanks of the Patriots puts it in a somewhat different perspective: "There will be more mistakes in evaluating personnel."

But not if Chuck Noll of the Steelers were to have his way. Noll recently held a contact workout with pads behind closed doors at Three Rivers Stadium so he could sneak a look at 29 rookies and 15 veterans. The workout was in direct violation of Article 20, Section 4 of the NFL's collective bargaining agreement with the players, which states that a team can have "no contact work or use of pads (except helmets) as part of an off-season training camp." John Clayton of *The Pittsburgh Press* reported on the workout in detail, prompting Steeler fans to condemn the paper for its lack of "patriotism," as one angry caller told *The Press*.

Noll, who tried to get the story killed, was furious. He intimated that Clayton was really a spy. "The thing that made it very bad was that the story was of no news value to the people of Pittsburgh," Noll said. "So I have to assume that [Clayton] is working for the competition. He certainly isn't working in the interest of the paper or the fans. The only way I can read it is espionage."

The Steelers are subject to a fine and possible loss of a draft choice for the illegal workout. Green Bay lost a fourth-round draft choice for a similar violation this year, and the choice might have

been a higher one had not the Packers convinced Commissioner Pete Rozelle they weren't familiar with the rules. But the Steelers have no such excuse. As Dan Rooney, president of the club, says, "I helped write the darn thing."

FOLF

By taking advantage of the Gothic architecture and long green courtyards of the Princeton campus, a trio of students—Dave Gilman, Bailey Pope and Eric Olson, all of the class of '80—have come up with their version of Frisbee golf, or Folf as they call it for short. Their 18-hole, par-67 course is designed to make maximum use of arches, nooks and crannies, the Putnam Sculpture Collection, which is conveniently spread throughout the grounds, and the university's scenic and historic landmarks. "For general purposes, I recommend using a 165-gram



Wham-o Frisbee because of its superior stability in crosswinds." Olson writes in the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*, "but some Folfers carry a variety of different weights so as to be able to choose the optimum disk for each shot."

Olson's favorite hole is the par-5 2nd, which he describes as classic "Tee from the terrace in front of Lockhart arch, driving to the bottom of Blair steps," he advises. "Here one must carefully calculate the next shot—up the steps and through the tower—for if the Frisbee is thrown too high, it will boomerang out of the arch and back down to one's feet. Some novices have taken four or five shots to get through this imposing haz-

continued

and. From the northern side of the tower, the fairway doglegs slightly to the right. The putt is through Henry Moore's Oval with Ponds, a natural hole situated between Stanhope and West College."

Recently Olson decided to entertain a prospective freshman, who couldn't make up his mind between Princeton and MIT, by taking him on a round of Folf. "Not only did he fall in love with the game," Olson reports, "he later told me that the people he had met while playing and the tour it gave him of the campus were the deciding factors in persuading him to select Old Nassau."

An NCAA recruiting violation?

CLEARING ALL HURDLES

Three years ago when the embryonic 1,032-acre Kentucky Horse Park in Lexington offered to host the 1978 World Three-Day Championships, there were horselaughs on both sides of the Atlantic. The championships had never been held in the U.S. and, moreover, the types of horses used and the demanding events involved—cross-country endurance, dressage and stadium jumping—were uncommon in Blue Grass country. Critics doubted that the complex courses and facilities could be built in time, or that the personnel needed to run this equestrian decaathlon could be assembled. There were also questions about whether Lexington could house horses and riders from as many as 16 foreign countries and could put up 100,000 visitors.

The U.S. earned the right to hold the quadrennial championships by winning in England in 1974 and the Kentucky Horse Park was deemed the best of the five facilities that bid for the event. But controversy continued, especially when Man O' War's statue, long a landmark near the Paris (Ky.) Pike, was moved, along with his bones, inside the park.

Last week, besieged Governor Julian Carroll assembled all the principals involved and asked some pointed questions. He got satisfactory answers. More than 600 experienced personnel from the U.S. and Europe have signed on to officiate the event, and additional offers of help are pouring in. Rooms in Lexington have been booked solid since last February, but nearby towns are filling written requests. The cross-country course promises to be the finest in the world. Most construction is completed or needs only the touch of a paintbrush. Indeed, all facilities will be operational

by Aug. 1, plenty of time to work out any bugs before the Duke of Edinburgh declares the championships under way on Sept. 14.

SORRY ABOUT THAT, BOB

Bob Speca, a senior at the University of Pennsylvania who likes to set up dominoes so he can knock them down (SCORECARD, Oct. 31, 1977), set a world record last week by toppling a continuous chain of 97,500 dominoes. It took Speca nine days to set up the involved chain that snaked its way over the 5,000-square-foot floor of a Manhattan ballroom. Actually, Speca set up 100,000 dominoes, but he didn't get to topple the last 2,500 because a TV cameraman leaned over to get a better shot and his press card fell out of his shirt pocket. The card struck domino No. 97,501, and down went the remainder, clickety, clickety, clickety, clickety.

END OF THE HOLIDAY

The Big Eight Holiday Basketball Tournament, the oldest continuous tournament of its kind, is about as successful as a tournament can be. Held the week after Christmas in Kansas City, it draws the biggest crowds of any holiday event and, after expenses, each Big Eight school takes away at least \$25,000. However, this year's tournament will be the last. Fed up with the dominance of Kansas (which has won 12 times), Kansas State (seven times) and Missouri (ditto), and irked by crowds partial to those schools, the coaches, athletic directors and faculty reps of the other five institutions have voted to abolish the event.

One other factor is involved. Freed from the rigors of a winter week in Kansas City, conference schools can now head off to tournaments in Hawaii, California, New York, Florida and Arizona. Dangling the likelihood of such trips before a prospect is one way of gaining an edge in increasingly competitive recruiting battles.

ALONE

Naomi James, who arrived back in England last week aboard a new 53-foot yacht, *Express Crusader*, 272 days after departing on her solo circumnavigation of the world, started sailing only 2½ years ago and had no experience in long, single-handed voyages until she set out to surpass the record of the late Sir Francis Chichester. The 29-year-old Kingswear

housewife not only broke Sir Francis' record by two days, but also made the longest nonstop sail by a woman, 14,000 miles from Cape Town to the Falkland Islands. Overall, she spent only five days in port, including 60 hours for repairs in Cape Town and Port Stanley in the Falklands. Her worst moment came when she capsized in a storm off Cape Horn. "My rigging was smashed," she says, "and my radio out of action. The radio's not important, because no one can help you at Cape Horn. But I just couldn't face going back, so I decided to carry on."

In her free time at sea, she read books on antiques, listened to Olivia Newton-John tapes and carved chess pieces. She was not lonely, because she says she felt the presence of her husband Rob, who had earlier crewed in the Whitbread Round the World Race in which his boat finished 12th.

Upon Mrs. James' arrival home, she was greeted at dockside by her husband and by her amazed mother, who said, "Normally, Naomi can't find her way out of a paper bag. When she went into Woolworth's as a kid, she always got lost."

RECORD OF THE MONTH CLUB

In three glorious months in 1942, Gunder Huggs of Sweden set 10 world records at distances between 1,500 and 5,000 meters. Henry Rono has not matched that achievement, but last week in Vienna, by adding the world record in the 10,000 to those he set in the 5,000 (April 8) and the 3,000-meter steepclimb (May 13), he became the first to simultaneously hold these three records, a staggering achievement.

His time of 27:22.5 for the 10,000 broke by eight seconds the record held by Samson Kimbwa, his fellow Kenyan and Washington State teammate. Competing on the Vienna Cricket Club's new Polytan track, Rono was paced for the first 3,000 meters by Jos Hermens of Holland, a world-record holder (20 km., one-hour run) in his own right. Rono, who was reeling off laps of between 65 and 67 seconds, took the lead at 5,000 meters and mixed home with a 57-second final 400 meters.

It would be nice to report that thousands cheered, but last Sunday Austria was playing Brazil in a World Cup match in Argentina, and Viennese sports fans were glued to TV sets. In truth, only 500 cheered—but what a privileged few. **END**

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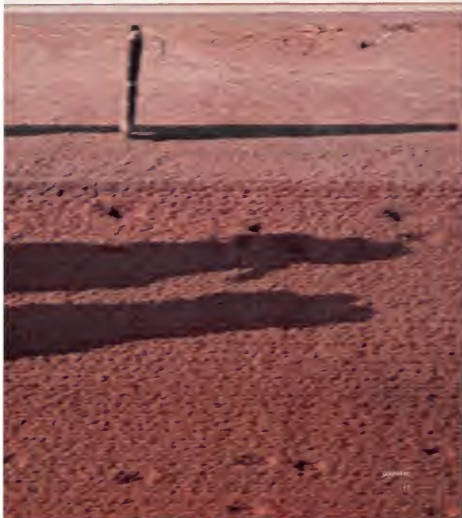
THE RACE OF A



LIFETIME

Affirmed and Alydar staged the most dramatic of their nine duels in the Belmont, and after another stirring stretch run Affirmed had his hard-earned Triple Crown

by WILLIAM LEGGETT



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Been around racing 50 years," Hall of Fame trainer Woody Stephens said after the Belmont last Saturday, "and I've seen down come up over a lot of tracks. People will tell you about the great races between Citation and Noor out in California in the early 1950s, and the race between Ridan and Jaipur in the Travers at Saratoga in 1962. Great races. But Affirmed and Alydar in the Belmont? Probably the best horse race that's ever been run. I'll look at it again and again anytime I'm fortunate enough to get the chance. I'll raise a glass to 'em while I'm watchin' the replays and, damn, I'll root—come on Affirmed, come on Alydar. Come on Cautchen, come on Velasquez. Whatever it is that these two horses have cannot be bought or manufactured. It's the greatest act horse racing has ever had. I hope it never ends."

Imagine a marvelous afternoon at Belmont Park and a horse named Affirmed going after the Triple Crown. In 15 lifetime starts he has lost only twice, both times to Alydar at Belmont. Affirmed is ridden by 18-year-old Steve Cautchen, the wunderkind of race riding; Alydar has Jorge Velasquez on his back, and Velasquez is riding better than ever. With a mile remaining in the 1½-mile race, Affirmed and Alydar begin racing as a team. Affirmed is on the inside, Alydar on the outside. Everyone in the crowd of 65,417 knows that Affirmed is trying to become the 11th winner of the Triple Crown. Everyone also knows that these two have met eight times, with Affirmed winning six. Once they hook up, however, all this is put out of mind and the rooting and shouting begin. And the wondering: which horse will crack?

As they sweep around the final turn, it looks as if Alydar has poked his nose in front and is about to pull away from Affirmed. Cautchen knows Affirmed is tiring and that the finish line is a long ¾ths of a mile away. Suddenly he switches his whip from his right hand to his left. In all the times Cautchen has ridden Affirmed he never has hit the horse left-handed. When Cautchen whips Affirmed the horse responds quickly and pushes his nose back in front. With 10 yards left in the race, the two horses are straining and nearly dead even. They are also running the fastest closing mile (1.36%) in the history of this toughest of America's classic races. At the end Affirmed's head is in front of Alydar's, and as the two jockeys rise in their saddles beyond

the finish line Velasquez yells over to Cautchen, "Stevie, congratulations." Cautchen yells back, "Georgie, thank you. It ain't been easy."

Nothing between Affirmed and Alydar has ever been easy. Their rivalry is so intense, so close that it transcends what is supposedly racing's best show, the Triple Crown. Years from now people will not only recall that Affirmed earned the toughest Triple Crown ever contested but that Alydar was the first horse to run second in all three legs. Belmont winners usually romp home "eased up" after outdistancing their opponents. Secretariat won the 1973 Belmont by 31 lengths, Count Fleet finished off his Triple Crown by waltzing home 25 lengths in front. Citation won the Belmont by eight, Seattle Slew by four, Sir Barton by five. Very few people, however, can recall who was second to Secretariat (Twice A Prince), Citation (Better Self), Count Fleet (Fairly Manhunt), War Admiral (Scenshufter) or Whirlaway (Robert Morris). Everyone will remember that Affirmed had to beat Alydar.

"When people think about the Belmont Stakes of 1978," says Trainer Phil Johnson, "they will say they saw it and will never forget it. That's fine. I'll remember it another way. Affirmed and Alydar really started fighting each other last August in the Hopeful at Saratoga. That's when racetrackers started thinking of the two horses as something special. The way Laz Barrera trained Affirmed and John Veitch trained Alydar is beyond belief. Anyone who expects that two horses can run in the Kentucky Derby and Preakness and then come back in the Belmont and run head to head for the final mile is expecting too much. But they did it, didn't they? I don't know how they did it."

Three weeks before the Belmont, John Veitch was serving as a judge at a showing of yearling thoroughbreds at Timonium racetrack outside Baltimore. Less than 24 hours earlier Affirmed had beaten Alydar by a neck in the Preakness, and as Veitch moved around people came to him and shook his hand. Nearly everyone said the same thing: "Alydar is such a great horse, but he can't get by Affirmed. It must be frustrating, but I guess you have to keep trying."

Veitch was polite to everyone who shook his hand, but as he was driving back to New York he began to think about what he might do to help Affirmed.



"I've got to try something," he said. "I know that Alydar can beat Affirmed. He did it twice, and both times were at Belmont Park. I'm going to take the blinkers off Alydar in the Belmont and maybe that will help. I think if I take them off, Alydar will be more alert and able to use his speed to get closer to Affirmed early. People are going to say it's a desperation move, but I've got to do something. I'm leaving myself wide open to criticism if Alydar runs a bad race with the blinkers off. Also, if he beats Affirmed with the blinkers off, everyone will say, 'Why didn't you take them off earlier?' You could have won the Triple Crown."

When Alydar was led into the paddock before the race, the large crowd around the walking ring let out whoops of encouragement. A banner made up in the devil's red and blue colors of Calumet Farm was raised: ALYDAR, IT READ. FORGET THE PAST. TODAY IS YOUR DAY. As Affirmed entered the crowd applauded. Once Cautchen and Velasquez were hoisted onto their horses the crowd applauded both.



Turning for home, Affirmed (inside) and Alydar matched strides, racing only against each other

Alydar, as he usually does, balked at entering the starting gate. Affirmed walked into the gate like a perfect gentleman. When the gate opened, Affirmed went right to the lead and Cauthen moved his horse toward the rail. The maneuver, like most of Cauthen's, was quick and subtle. Even though Alydar had broken inside Affirmed, Cauthen had a tactical advantage. Once on the lead, Cauthen was able to slow the pace. The first half mile was run in :50. In the 110-year history of the race only three opening half miles were slower. "I wasn't worried about any other horse in the race," Cauthen said later. "I knew that Alydar would come up and we would fight it out. I didn't think we'd have to fight it out for a mile, but with Affirmed and Alydar it always seems to turn out that they fight for every inch. I wanted the first part of the race to be slow because the last part was going to be very fast." In-

deed, Affirmed's time was 2:26 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds off Secretariat's 1973 record and the third-fastest Belmont in history.

As the two horses entered the stretch the other three starters—Darby Creek Road, Judge Advocate and Noon Time Spender—were far up the track. Cauthen kept working on Affirmed, at times his hands moving into his mount's mane, his back parallel to the ground. Velasquez was riding Alydar beautifully, his whip stinging the horse's right side. Until the final seconds the race was in doubt, but Alydar just couldn't pass.

Cauthen's victory in this \$184,300 race—the winner's share was \$110,580—pushed his purse earnings over \$10 million in less than three years of riding. He

sprinted from the winner's circle to the jockeys' room and changed silks, preparing to ride the next race. As he ran toward the paddock he suddenly veered left, grabbed and hugged his father. Tears streamed down his cheeks. "Dad," he said, "we did it. We just won the Triple Crown. The whole Triple Crown!"

In August, Affirmed and Alydar will probably meet again in the Travers at Saratoga. Can they continue to battle so fiercely? "I know what will happen," Cauthen said. "They will fight head to head. When you beat somebody seven out of nine times you'd think they wouldn't come back for the 10th time. But Alydar will come back again. Always does."

BOB

MORE THAN A RUNNER-UP

Alydar's trainer John Veitch was back at the colt's barn several hours after the Belmont, free at last from the pressing crowds. The sun was turning orange and Veitch was turning mellow as he leaned over a railing. "You live in hopes, you die in despair," he mused. "That's why I'm not much for carrying around disappointments. I'm just looking forward to tomorrow." Indeed, it would be a pity if Alydar should be chiefly remembered as the only horse to finish second in all three Triple Crown races to a Triple Crown winner, and if John Veitch should be remembered as the trainer with the same distinction.

If ever a man had cause to hurry off to solitude and head-bolting, it would be Veitch. But that wouldn't be Veitch. For, all spring, the 32-year-old trainer has been a paragon of deportment and full of irrepressible humor.

Question: John, do you think Alydar knows he keeps losing to Affirmed?

Answer: He hasn't said anything about it to me.

After the Derby, the interminable queries dwelled on whether Alydar would ever beat Affirmed again. After the Preakness, the question was whether Alydar's heart had been broken. Said Veitch, "He doesn't go back to his stall and hang his head. He doesn't sit there like some football player and say, 'Oh damn, I got to go out there Saturday against Affirmed and bang heads.' Actually, we turned his television set off so he wouldn't hear all the negative comments. He's mad, though. He misses the cartoons."

After the Belmont, most reporters left Veitch alone. But he spoke of sending Alydar against Affirmed again later in the year and he talked about what he had just been

through. "If you don't know how to lose, you'd better not play this game. You lose many more times than you win. You can't be hysterical. I did the very best I could. And Alydar ran great. Maybe they should charge extra for the thrills. But if you don't get used to accepting defeat, it will drive you crazy. I learned from my father that you should lose the same way you win. And I think you show more class in the way you act when you lose than when you win."

Then Veitch, subscribing to his theory that the nicest thing about sports is that, win or lose, most everybody goes and has a drink afterward, was off for a Jack Daniels on the rocks. But not before whispering to Alydar, "We'll always be friends." And in the gathering dusk, both looked like prime candidates to rise up from the ashes and war again, neither really seems properly cast as second best forevermore.

—DUGLAS S. LOONEY



FOR HOLMES, IT WASN'T SO ELEMENTARY

Larry Holmes had to fight the hard fight and rally in the closing seconds of the final round to wrest the WBC title from Ken Norton by **PAT PUTNAM**

Because two of the three judges decided he had won the stunning 15th round, Larry Holmes, once a \$3-an-hour steel worker out of Easton, Pa., joined Muhammad Ali, Leon Spinks and Ken Norton and became this year's fourth heavyweight champion. And then, when he tried to raise his arms in the traditional signal of victory last Friday night, he nearly passed out from pain and exhaustion. "Oh God, help me hold them up," he moaned to Richie Giachetti, his barrel-chested manager and trainer.

"It was the greatest display of courage I have ever seen in a ring," Giachetti was saying Saturday morning, only a few hours after Holmes had taken a split decision and Norton's title at Caesars

Palace in Las Vegas. "Both of his arms were hurting so bad it was agony just to keep his hands up. How he was able to throw punches and win the round I'll never know."

As an audit of the officials' cards showed, if the unbeaten Holmes was to become champion in his 28th professional fight, he needed to win the final round. After 14, all three judges—Harold Buck, Lou Tabot and Joe Swessel—had the fight dead even at 133-133 on the 10-points minus system. In Nevada the referee doesn't score a fight.

Six days earlier, Holmes and Giachetti were wondering if there would be a fight to score. While sparring with Luis Rodriguez—no fan to the old welter-

weight champ—Holmes suddenly left the ring clutching his left arm. His elbow had collided violently with Rodriguez' elbow.

"It feels funny," Holmes told Giachetti, who packed the arm in ice. An hour later they were at the Desert Springs Hospital, where the fighter was examined by Dr. Anthony Serfustini and Keith Kleven, a physical therapist, who found torn tissue in the biceps.

"How bad is it?" Giachetti asked. The answer: bad enough to postpone the fight.

"For how long?"

"Four months."

Holmes shook his head. "No way," he said. "What can you do for me now?"

Kleven suggested an hour's ultrasonic hot-water treatment twice a day. He also advised Giachetti to call in Dr. James Garrick, a Phoenix specialist who works with professional football players. When Giachetti called, Garrick said he would fly to Las Vegas on Wednesday.

"O.K., we'll hold a decision until Dr. Garrick checks him out," Giachetti said. "Meanwhile, start the treatments."

That night Giachetti called his wife Nancy in Cleveland and told her the fight was off. "Larry says he can fight Norton with one arm," he said, "but if this guy from Phoenix says no, it's no."

"You better have a drink," Nancy said.

"Hell, I'm calling you from a bar."

On Wednesday, Garrick examined Holmes, confirmed the injury and said Kleven's treatment was perfect.

"Can he fight?" Giachetti asked.

"If he wants to," Garrick said. "When the fight starts, his arm should be 100%. It's later the trouble will come. In the late rounds he will lose 6% to 8% effectiveness. And if he gets hit on the tear he could lose as much as 40%."

That night Giachetti told Holmes that he was going to postpone the fight.

"No," Holmes said. "We've come too far, worked too hard. A lot of people are counting on me. A lot of people will lose a lot of money if we postpone the fight."

On that less than optimistic note, Holmes set about taking away Norton's 84-day-old WBC title, which he had acquired after the WBC had stripped it from Spinks. For his first defense, Nor-

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TONY TROLO



Norton's waiting-game plan backfired, as Holmes (right) punched away and built up a big early lead

ton was paid \$3.7 million, most of it from ABC, which televised the fight. Holmes' share was \$500,000. With the national spotlight beaming on him, Promoter Don King also elected to showcase Jimmy Young, the No. 1 contender, and Alfredo Evangelista as future opponents for the winner of Holmes-Norton.

Young, unfortunately, came in fat and ill-prepared at 220 pounds and lost a dull split decision to Osvaldo Caccia, Bill Daly's young prospect out of San Juan. And Evangelista had all he could do to win a decision over Holmes' stablemate, Jody Ballard. So much for the future.

But the present more than made up for it. Bad-blood fights are for the most part products of a publicity man's imagination, but the Norton-Holmes hate is for real. Each nurtures a genuine and deep dislike for the other.

It was Norton's plan to make Holmes, who is essentially a stand-up counter-puncher who relies on his jab and quickness, overextend himself early and thereby tire himself out. "He claims he throws 100 punches a round," Norton said. "So if I can make him throw 150 I've done my job. I'll make him work harder than he wants to work."

And so, Norton started slowly, very slowly, and he would say later that it was his critical mistake. With Norton tucked into his turtle defense and punching hardly at all, Holmes won four of the first five rounds, largely on the strength of the persistent jab.

"Now it's my turn," Norton told Bill Slaton, his trainer, in the corner. In the sixth he shook Holmes with a powerful right to the head; in the seventh he hurt him with a right to the body followed by a left hook to the head. Midway through the seventh he banged Holmes on the left biceps with a looping right hand. For a moment Holmes thought the arm had gone dead.

Now Norton really poured it on, advancing relentlessly, chasing Holmes and finding him often. After losing four of the first five rounds on all cards, Norton won five of the next six. But the violent pace had taken its toll; both men began to show signs of exhaustion. His jab working effectively once more, Holmes took the 12th.

Then they exchanged two big rounds. Holmes dominated the 13th, staggering



Moving deftly like an AI, Holmes rarely allowed the heavy-hitting Norton to trap him in a corner

Norton twice with right hands. Both had to push themselves to come out for the 14th; Norton pushed himself a little harder. Twice he staggered Holmes, and just before the bell he ripped him with six straight punches to the head and body.

Norton, who was superbly conditioned, started strongly in the 15th—jabbing, hooking, pounding Holmes with overhand rights. Holmes threw four punches, then Norton was on him again. Blood was pouring from a cut inside Holmes' lower lip, which had been split in the eighth round. The next morning it would need 11 stitches.

"Move. You've got to move!" Giachetti screamed at him, and Holmes began to move. Ignoring the pain knifing through both arms, he also began to attack. They stood there toe to toe, no thought of defense, barely able to stand, but swinging. Then, punching furiously, Holmes took command and, just before the bell, staggered Norton with a right.

Only with a great effort of will did each make it back to his corner without falling. Then came the decision.

Judge Buck: 143-142 for Holmes. Judge Tabot: 143-142 for Norton. Judge Swessel: 143-142 for Holmes. "... and the new heavyweight champion of the world..."

A few moments later, Norton, who said his only plans were to regain the title, was lying on a rubbing table in his dressing room. The door opened and his father came into the room.

"Well, I tried, Pop," Norton said.

His father put a hand on Norton's shoulder and said, "You fought a hell of a fight, son."

Holmes, who had collapsed from exhaustion in the ring, was also thinking of the future in his dressing room. "Before the fight, they were saying that if I won, my first title defense would be in September. Now I don't know if I want to fight in September. I don't know when I want to fight." He tried to lift his arms, winced and gave up. Then he said, "This isn't easy, you know."



ALL SMILES WHILE SHE TEARS UP THE TOUR

Nancy Lopez, the amazing 21-year-old rookie, won her fourth straight tournament by routing the field in the LPGA championship **by BARRY McDERMOTT**

Women's golf needed her and needed her badly. It had been waiting for someone who not only had a pretty swing and a pretty smile, but who also could hit the ball long and straight and with enough consistency to give the game an image comparable to that of women's tennis. By driving and putting and smiling her way to victory in the Ladies Professional Golf Association championship at Mason, Ohio last week, Nancy Lopez did more than win her fourth straight tournament and the sixth of her amazing rookie year. She also stamped herself as her sport's new heroine, someone capable of capturing the public's imagination. At 21 she is so good that any moment now you might see her on TV, endorsing bulldozers or hamburgers or credit cards.

Once in a great while, an athlete comes along with enough talent and charisma to make a sport take off. Arnold Palmer did it for men's golf. Nancy Lopez can do it for women's golf. Besides having a Jimmy Carter smile and the clean look of innocence, Lopez also drives the ball high, far and straight; carves her iron shots with the decisive sound a butcher makes on his chopping block; and has a delicate touch on the greens, as if all her putts are rolling on velvet. After playing a round with her last week, veteran Judy Rankin, the tour's leading money-winner the last two seasons, shook her head in admiration and fatigue and said, "They've got the wrong person playing Wonder Woman on TV."

In the LPGA Lopez started slowly but finished strong, shaking off challengers along the way with another relentless but precise performance. Lopez' rounds of 71-65-69-70-275 over the Jack Nicklaus Golf Center course put her 13 under par and six strokes ahead of runner-up Amy Alcott. Her frazzled pursuers were often disconcerted. "Every time I heard the crowd yell, I wondered, 'What's she doing now?'" said Jo Ann Washam, who finished fifth.

What she has been doing ever since she turned professional last July is move steadily toward dominance of women's golf. Lopez finished second in her first three pro tournaments and, despite taking off three weeks with a hand injury, racked up \$30,178 in seven 1977 events. It was an admirable debut but hardly portended this year's streak, during which she has won \$118,948, more than

double what runner-up JoAnne Carner (\$57,494) has collected. Barring catastrophe, Lopez soon will eclipse the \$190,000 that Hall of Famers Patty Berg and Louise Suggs each amassed during their entire careers. But even more remarkable, perhaps, is the fact that in the 20 tournaments she has played since turning pro, Lopez has finished lower than 16th only three times.

Last Sunday she showed that the only thing that might conceivably stop her is listening to practice-tee advice from a friendly competitor. Watched by a record crowd that was rooting her on, Lopez set out with a five-stroke lead over Alcott and Washam, as she attempted to become the fourth woman golfer ever to win four tournaments in a row, thereby joining Mickey Wright, who did it twice, Kathy Whitworth and Shirley Englehorn. And she did it easily. Her lead was never less than four, and her only mistake was a bopsey on the 12th hole, snapping an incredible skein of 41 holes of par or better.

This type of performance oblige anyone with a typewriter or a tape recorder to head for Lopez. Her week began with an interview on the telephone in the dressing room of Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, a musical group appearing at the nearby Kings Island Amusement Park, and ended with her smiling stanningly on nationwide television. In between, Lopez lamented, smiling of course, "I don't have time to wash my underwear." Hearing this, an opportunistic radio man seized the initiative.

"Marry me," he said earnestly. "I wish, I cook, I sew, I clean windows. Marry me."

All this is not to say that women's golf hasn't had some excellent players over the years. "People don't think we were ever young," Kathy Whitworth said last week, noting the fuss over Lopez. Whitworth has won 79 tournaments, and Mickey Wright, with a swing straight out of a textbook, has won 82, but they approach the game grimly and methodically like so many women golfers. Lopez, on the other hand, says things like, "I love to play golf. Even when I'm playing bad I love it." She is never exasperated by interviews or by fans and is enthralled by the glamour of the tour, the parties and the celebrities. Early in the week she was miffed because tournament officials had failed to tell her where the pro-am

party was, and she missed it. Most players hide from such events. And later she showed up at a tournament cocktail party wearing silver satin slacks and a flashy blouse that made her look like a fashionable disco dancer.

Lopez is a member of the new breed of golfer, Alcott, who already has won five tournaments in her career, and Holly Stacy, who has won four, are only 22 and 24 years old, respectively. Alcott is the tour's nature woman, a Californian who likes "to go to the beach and watch

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK TOMKO



Lopez: 13-under-par 275 won by six strokes

Walt Chamberlain play volleyball." She talks about getting "mellowed out" and hiking in the mountains. Stacy reveals Lopez as the best putter on the tour and relishes practical jokes such as staging a mock fight with Debbie Austin in a country-club parking lot before horrified onlookers.

But last week belonged to Lopez, and she shared it with her family. Her widowed father, Domingo, was Nancy's guest, and on Saturday her 32-year-old sister, Delma Guevara, and brother-in-

law, Bernie, arrived from Los Angeles. Also present was boyfriend Ron Benedetto, an asphalt salesman from Houston, who rivaled Atlanta Falcon Quarterback Steve Bartkowski for the title of top swim at the tournament. Bartkowski is squaring Jan Stephenson, the tour's sweeter girl.

Lopez, meanwhile, captured the hearts of the fans, saying, "I'm glad Daddy's here because I worry about him a lot when he's home by himself." And she got their attention with scores like the 65 she shot on Friday. The round included a memorable nine-hole stint—from the 9th through the 17th—during which she shot this way: eagle, birdie, par, par, birdie, eagle par, birdie, birdie. Or eight under par. Her father yelled at one point, "It looks like that ball got eyes."

Domingo Lopez has sanded down cars for 22 years in his auto-body shop in Roswell, N. Mex., and it was he who first started Nancy in golf with these three principles:

"Hit the ball."

"Let 'er fly."

"Get the ball in the hole."

This sort of elementary advice is anathema to golfers, who prefer more cosmic explanations and architects' renderings when discussing the golf swing. Lopez' slow, upright swing abuses several principles heretofore thought to be inviolate. Carol Munn, for instance, calls Lopez' swing "a combination of mistakes." At the start Nancy makes an odd forward motion with her hands that for most people would mean instant doom—but, oh, the results for Lopez! "How do you explain that swing?" one of the perplexed veteran golfers asked a teaching pro on the practice tee one evening. "Tempo," said the man sagely, quickly changing the subject.

"I know why she's always smiling," said Sandra Palmer, who was playing with her. "As far as she hits it, she knows she's going to make a birdie on the next hole."

At times Nancy Lopez seems so good as to be unreal. "Isn't there anything less than perfect about you?" a disbeliever asked her last week.

"Well," she said, smiling, "I'd like to lose a little more weight."

"You want everything, don't you?" the man continued.

"Yeah," smiled Nancy. "I want it all. All there is."

END



GETTING A HANDLE ON THE CUP

Eight teams advance at the World Cup in Argentina, with a rejuvenated Peru a qualifier and Scotland knocked out

by CLIVE GAMMON

The mood is barely 15 feet wide. It is all that separates you from 80,000 of the most charismatic soccer fans in the world, whose manic howling and whistling has hardly dropped in pitch for close on 45 minutes. Suddenly you have to make a crucial decision. Go one way and you will make them delirious with joy. Go the other and you will arouse their terrifying displeasure.

The game is Argentina against France, midway through the first round of the XI Copa del Mundo, the World Cup, *El Mundial*. A win for the Argentinians will qualify them for the second round to which eight of the 16 teams would advance. It is very close to halftime, there is no score and the French are more than holding their own at Buenos Aires' River Plate Stadium. Then Leopoldo Luque, long black hair streaming, cuts into the far left of the French penalty area. A French back, Marius Tresor from Murtumque, comes up to challenge him. Both players seem to slide down together as they go for the ball. And Jean Dubach, the Swiss referee, has that frightening decision to make. He can wave play on or he can award a penalty, an almost certain goal, to Argentina.

On opening day flags of FIFA nations were paraded around 74,396 test River Plate Stadium

For an agonizing time he does neither. He dithers. He discusses the matter with the linesman, though it is his decision and his alone. The howl of the crowd rises to a high screech. Then he points to the penalty spot. Daniel Passarella walks up, settles the ball and slams it into the right-hand corner of the net from 12 meters.

There seems to be only one explanation for the dithering. First-class soccer referees award penalties sparingly. If there is doubt, they don't give one. Few referees, of course, have to endure the intimidating responsibility of officiating at River Plate when Argentina plays there. And no one could be unaffected by the kind of pressure that Dubsch faced.

And there was a further test for him. With the score 2-1 Argentina and 10 minutes left in the game, France's Didier Six comes sweeping through the defense and is clearly brought down a couple of feet inside the penalty area. This time the referee appears not to notice. Play goes on, the score stays as it is. France is out of the World Cup and Argentina has qualified for Round 2. "The referee did not have an elegant game," said French Coach Michel Hidalgo.

Argentina has a fine team. In Luque and Mario Kempes, it has two forwards who may be the most effective strikers in the Cup and any handicapper figuring the odds on the Cup final has to take into account the fiery crebbles of the River Plate Stadium. To win here against the home side a team must be demonstrably superior.

And until last Saturday millions of Argentines felt that their national side was home free. After each of its first-round victories, the great avenues of Buenos Aires became fiesta-wild—car horns honking out Ar-gen-tin-a, pickup trucks crammed with kids wrapped in their national flag, buses and cabs decked with the nation's sky-blue and white, like yachts at a regatta. The commitment is total.

Fiesta time, though, was a little de-

continued



Tennison-veneer Cuban (second from left above) was Peru's big gun in 3-1 upset of Scot-

and Italy's Betsaga played mess-up ball (below) and scored in 2-1 defeat of Hungary.



Brazil's Leinho (right, below) was marked hard by Spanish defender in 2-0 tie that eliminated

Brazilians, played another of the team's stars (left) finished in mid-air and made 2-0 goal.



layed at the start of the Cup. Defending champion West Germany and Poland opened the tournament like two respected but aging heavyweights. They sparred cautiously for 90 minutes to a crowd chant of "Que se vaya," which is Spanish for "Go home, ya bums." The game ended in the 0-0 tie that any cynic (or realist) could have forecast. Both teams were almost sure to qualify under the scoring system that gives two points for a victory, one for a tie; there was no reason for either side to risk anything. Almost ostentatiously they didn't, and it was left to the French to score the first goal of the World Cup, 30 seconds after the start of their game with Italy the next day, though they wound up losing 2-1.

That was also the day of the first shock. Tunisia 3, Mexico 1. And the day of the first trouble: Argentina against Hungary at River Plate, a game of savage fouling that ended 2-1 Argentina with two Hungarians ordered off the field. And it was the day of the first rumors of scandal. Trouble up at Alta Gracia, the Argentinian press reported, the resort near Córdoba where the Scottish team was staying. "They are drinking alcohol in industrial quantities," claimed *Cronica*. At night, players were said to climb the security fence to go on the town.

Still, supporters of the Scots were not taking the stories too seriously. Their first game was with Peru—an old, patched-together team, so everybody believed. The morning of the game, the Plaza San Martín at Córdoba was bright with fan-tan. Every Scottish fan in sight was be-

sieged by autograph hunters, with invitations to lunch, to dinner. Every kilt had a Pied Piper's train of kids following it through town. A very happy morning. It was a shame that the Scottish team had to go and foul it up.

The game started according to the scenario, the Scots attacking hard down the middle of the field, pushing the ball to Joe Jordan, and after 15 minutes he scored. Then, astonishingly, as if the issue were settled, they began to play a square-passing game, killing time, keeping possession. And nobody bothered to keep an eye on Teófilo Cubillas because after all, he'd been on the Peruvian team for 10 years. But casual Scottish play let Peru score the tying goal just before half-time, and in the second half Cubillas powered a mighty Peruvian revival. He scored twice and the game ended 3-1 Peru, the worst day for Scotland since the Battle of Culloden.

The wry joke around the Scotland camp that night was that Willy Johnston, the left winger, had proved positive on a dope test. "Yes," the punch line was, "they found Somnux." Which didn't turn out to be a joke at all. What they actually found were traces of fencamfamine, an amphetamine. Johnston was sent home in disgrace, to sign an exclusive contract with the *Daily Record* of Glasgow for his story, and *Cronica* crowed, JOHNSTON, DRUG ADDICT AND PIRATE. The latter accusation was a little obscure until one learned that "pirates" is what *Cronica* always calls the British on account of the dispute Argentina has

with England over the Falkland Islands.

Meanwhile, another favored team, Brazil, was having a less than auspicious World Cup start, tying Sweden 0-0. And Spain had been beaten by Austria, Austria? Yes, Austria did have a team in the World Cup and, apparently, a player called Johann Krankl who was tall, with a kind of pale El Greco face and a neat El Greco beard, and looked as if he could give defenses a lot of trouble.

But the tournament did not really begin to shake down until it was a week old and teams completed the second of their three games. The West Germans smashed six goals past the hapless Mexican goalie; the Poles made heavy weather of beating Tunisia 1-0; Holland was held to a 0-0 tie by Peru; and there was further humiliation for the Scots who tied 1-1 with Iran and virtually put themselves out of the tournament. Whereupon Jimmy Kemp, a Scottish hospital cook, took space in a local paper to announce that henceforth he wished to be regarded as an Englishman and would be taking elocution lessons to rid himself of his Scottish accent. Chrysler, meanwhile, which had planned an advertising campaign featuring their cars and the Scottish team under the heading "They both run rings round the competition," hastily dropped the idea.

There was trouble also for Brazil. At Mar del Plata, Brazil could only tie Spain 0-0 and was in danger of failing to qualify for the second round. Zico, Brazil's celebrated forward, was taken off before the end of the game and booed by his countrymen. Pelé, covering the match for Venezuelan television, mourned, "Brazil, my beloved Brazil, has given me cause to weep. I hate to sit in the press box. I want to play each ball myself. I feel so impotent. . . ." In Mar del Plata, Brazilians burned an effigy of the national coach, Claudio Coutinho, who thereafter was required to present his starting lineup to Admiral Heleno Nunes, president of the Brazilian Soccer Association, for approval. In Rio, a 44-year-old construction worker named Julio Gondim poured a bottle of sleeping pills onto a drink and committed suicide. Another Rio resident was shot dead in a bar during an argument over whether Zico should be dropped for Brazil's next game.

And, yes, there were those unknown Austrians and the elongated Johann Krankl. They defeated Sweden 1-0 on a Krankl penalty kick, qualified for the sec-

continued

West German coach Maier privately cradled ball as Poland's Winger Lato advanced on him.





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ond round and headed their group. In the January FIFA ratings, the Austrians were ranked 15th out of 16. Now, like a homey girl who has suddenly inherited a million dollars, they found themselves being courted by the international press and turned slightly skittish about being interviewed. The famous Spanish club, Barcelona, it was announced, had signed Krankl for \$650,000 on the strength of his two World Cup games. (The Cosmos, for their part, were said to be interested in the Peruvian Cubillas who had put Scotland out of the Cup.)

At the same time, steadily soldiering on was Italy, which looked at this stage to be the most solid all-round team. Having beaten France and Hungary, Italy, like Argentina, had already qualified so that last Saturday's game against Argentina at Buenos Aires promised to be something of a formality instead of the anticipated bloodbath.

The assumption before play began was that both the Italians and the Argentines would be content with a win for the latter. If Argentina won, it would move into Group A and play its second-round games in Buenos Aires, with all the psychological advantage that would bring. An Italian loss would mean that Italy would play in Group B at Rosario, where a great many Argentines of Italian descent live. *¡Perfecto!* as they say in B.A.

And to begin with, that is what seemed to be in store. Italy went back on defense and stayed there. As usual, the River Plate crowd was giving its striking imitation of a Nuremberg rally circa 1936—thousands of blue and white flags waving in unison, nationalistic songs sung hoarse and deep, unidentifiable chants howled in an atmosphere of menace. When the Italians did go on the attack, they squandered chances casually, as when Giancarlo Antognoni skied the ball over the bar in the opening minutes. For Argentina, Mario Kempes ran fiercely, nearly scoring when he hit a free kick that Dino Zoff in the Italian goal just parried. The Argentinian midfield was in fine shape. Américo Gallego and Osvaldo Ardiles combining well and pushing good balls to the attack. But, with Luque out with an injured arm, there was little combined play up front. Passes that could only be called high and hopeful were easily blocked out by the Italian defenders. With the exception of a fine header by Roberto Betegga, the Argentinian backs had little to deal with in the first half.

But unlike the unlucky French a few days earlier, the Italians did not have to contend with postillanous refereeing. As if he were aware—and he probably was—of the controversy surrounding Dubach's decisions, the Israeli referee, Abraham Klein, seemed to go to the other extreme, and for once it was possible to sympathize with the baffled rage of the River Plate crowd. In the second half Klein disallowed what looked like a clear penalty for Argentina. But at least Klein was not intimidated.

With time beginning to run out in the second half, the Argentinians became more desperate and even less accurate in attack. And when a goal finally came, it was by Betegga, after a fine combined move, running through to score with a low shot.

That was after 67 minutes of the 90, and thereafter the game was simply the traditionally strong Italian defense holding out against raid after raid. Final score, 1-0 Italy. And the great crowd streamed away almost in silence.

But the silence, no doubt, could have been matched by millions of German TV watchers who, earlier that day, had seen their once-invincible team held to a 0-0 tie by Tunisia. This game was no formality; West Germany had to at least tie to advance. And this was no game of desperate defense by the underdogs, either. Again and again the Tunisian forwards slipped through the German defense. The one skill they lacked was shooting ability, and so the biggest upset in the World Cup since North Korea put Italy out in 1966 was just averted. The Tunisians deservedly celebrated the tie as a victory. By beating Mexico in their first game, they had become the first African country ever to win a Cup final game. Now they had held the defending world champions at bay. They were out of the Cup but they would go home happy.

The Brazilians, who at midweek looked as if they also might check out of their hotel earlier than anticipated, fought their way back into the Cup. To stay alive, they had to beat undefeated Austria on Sunday and hope that Spain, in the same group, would beat Sweden.

They took the field against the Austrians with both Zico and Forward Jose Reinaldo benched, and tore immediately into attack. But though the Austrians looked nowhere near as efficient as they had been in their first two games, the Bra-

zilians found it hard to penetrate the defense, and wave after wave of yellow-shirted attacks came to naught. On the rare occasions when a breach was made, the chance was squandered.

It was not until just before halftime that Carlos Roberto, coming up from the left, scored to keep Brazil in the competition. The game ended 1-0, but the biggest roar of the second half at Mar del Plata came when the scoreboard signaled that Spain was a goal up against Sweden. Spain held on to win 1-0, ensuring that Brazil would qualify.

That almost wrapped up the first round. But there were still two games left to play: Scotland against Holland in Mendoza, in the shadow of the Andes, where there had been a little snow overnight; and Peru vs. Iran in Córdoba.

On Sunday morning, Holland was sitting on top of its group, ahead of Peru. But a little after 6 p.m. it looked just possible that Scotland, after all its disasters, might qualify and put Holland out. The Dutch had scored first. But Scotland came back on a magnificent goal by Kenny Dalglish and a penalty kick by Archie Gemmill. Then another goal from Archie. Amazingly, it was 3-1 and the Scots were reaching for their calculators. There were 25 minutes left to play and if Scotland scored two more goals Holland would be out and Scotland in by virtue of goal difference between the two, because they were tied in the standings.

Scotland's dream lasted for just a minute. Johnny Rep hit a high shot into the top left corner of the net to reduce the Dutch deficit to 3-2. And so the game ended, and the Scots were out but with a little salvaged honor. Peru, meanwhile, beat Iran 4-1 to advance to the second round.

Almost, but not quite, perfectly, the eight remaining finalists split into European and South American groups. Germany, Italy, Austria and Holland will play in Buenos Aires (to the chagrin of Argentina) and Córdoba, and Argentina, Peru, Brazil and Poland will be in far-away Mendoza and Rosario. Thus the odds sharply favor a European team against a South American team in the final game on June 25. Who will be the finalists? A lot of wise money is on Italy now. And Argentina cannot be counted out at home. The final could well be a repeat of last Saturday night's match at River Plate. But there were a lot of games to play before then.

END

A gaudy sunset glowed upriver, backlighting the palm trees and moss-bearded live oaks that flank the stream. In the glassy shallows, mullet competed in a random piscine triple jump. A late-hunting osprey swung past, its white breast flushing pink as it banked into the low light.

"Red sky at night, angler's delight," said Bob Montgomery. "Tomorrow's the day for Godzilla."

Godzilla is the nickname for a collective monster lurking in the warm green waters of the Gulf of Mexico, where Flor-

WAITING FOR GODZILLA

A 200-pound tarpon surely swims in Florida's Gulf waters, and one fine day it will fall to the angler's fly

by ROBERT F. JONES

ida's Homosassa River empties into the sea. He, or more likely she, might measure eight feet in length and tip the scales at well over 200 pounds. Godzilla is blue-green on top and flanked an laser-bright silver. Godzilla comes out of the water with a roar of gill plates reminiscent of a thousand flushing partridges, tea-saucer eyes flashing bright in the spray, a mouth like the intake of a jet engine flailing madly from side to side. Godzilla is also known as *Megalops atlanticus*, or cufum or tarpum or—most commonly—tarpon. To the serious saltwater fly-fisherman, Godzilla is the ultimate catch: the world's first 200-pounder to be taken on the fly.

The presence of giant tarpon along Florida's west central coast has been known for many years. Late in the last century, men harpooned them in the shallows when they arrived to spawn in May and June. More than 30 years ago, an outdoors magazine carried a feature story about the lunker silverkings of Homosassa Springs. Harold LeMaster, the inventor of the highly successful Mirro-

lure, claims to have been taking huge tarpon by trolling and bait-casting in the area since 1950; Lefty Kreh, the fly-fishing guru, was tipped to the hot spot by LeMaster, and Freddie Archibald, a fly-fishing guide from St. Petersburg, about 80 miles down the coast, has been fishing it since 1968. But only in the past three or four years have the heavyweights of saltwater fly-fishing moved into the area for a shot at Godzilla—anglers like Stu Apte, Ted Williams, Al Plueger Jr., Ben Hardesty, Billy Pate, Carl Navarre, Jim Lopez and Tom Evans, and their even more famous guides, Eddie Wightman, Hank Brown, Billy Knowles, Gary Ellis and Cecil Keith from Islamorada, Steve Huff, Dale Perez and Cal Cochran from Marathon, Bob and Gene Montgomery from Key West, Bill Curtis from Miami.

The move paid off in short order. Last year on Memorial Day, Evans boated a record fish of 177 pounds on 15-pound-test tippet. "We were the only boat out that day," recalls Evans, 40, a big, slow-talking ex-stockbroker from Old Lyme, Conn., who fishes a month at a time with Steve Huff. "And we had only one fly left. On it I managed to catch fish of 145, 155, 165 and 175 pounds—almost unbelievable odds. At one point the big guy jumped so that he was silhouetted against a pale sinking moon. He looked like a great silver-scaled rocket as he passed across the disc."

And last month Joe Robinson, an insurance man from Miami, fishing with Dale Perez, brought in a fish of 180 pounds, nosing out Evans' record by three pounds. But still no Godzilla.

Three years ago, on his first foray into the area, Evans hooked and lost a fish that he estimated at well over 200 pounds. "These fish aren't particularly longer than the tarpon you take in the Keys," he says, "but they're much thicker and broader. This one looked like a flying Jewish when he jumped. He must have gone more than 15 feet into the air. Then he was off."

In the Florida Keys, where the tarpon are smaller but more abundant and fishable for a longer period of time each year,

continued

A tarpon weighing 150 pounds was hooked on the Oklahoma flats. It broke off after two hours.



most fly-fishermen are content to get five or six spectacular jumps out of a fish and then break him off for another shot. But to the record seekers, even a fish that seems relatively small in Homosassa waters is worth fighting to the finish: what would appear at first jump to be a 155-pound fish might, close up to the boat, prove to be 180—or even better. What accounts for the presence of such a giant race of tarpon on this particular stretch of coast?

"Nobody knows for sure," says Bob Montgomery, who also has fished Homosassa for three years now. "The tar-

pon answer until somebody starts a tagging program."

The abundance of fresh water flowing into the Gulf at this spot might account for part of the answer. The tarpon is a highly euryhaline fish—one that can survive in a wide range of waters, from near stagnant to nearly 100% fresh. A primitive animal whose closest relative is the oxeye herring of the western Pacific and the Indian Ocean, it ranges both sides of the Atlantic, from Cape Hatteras to Brazil on the west and from Senegal to the Congo on the east. Tarpon have showed up as far north as Nova Scotia, but their

water content around here is necessary to the success of the spawn."

Whatever the explanation, the fact of their presence is reason enough to bring the fly-rod fraternity to Homosassa each May with a glut in the eye and all tackle at the ready. "We've kept this place more or less a secret for two years now," said Bob Montgomery. "The first rule a fisherman learns is never to tell where the hot spots are. But all the really serious fly-rodgers know about it by now anyway. Still, a lot of them feel that by blowing the whistle you'll get all kinds of amateurs down here in their skiffs, bumping around and blowing through, putting the fish down. They're like as not to go running full tilt over a pod of rolling tarpon without even seeing them. But they'd find it hard fishing here—lots of rocks to rip out your power drive if you don't know the waters, and nothing to fish but big tarpon." He cackled and rubbed his sunburnt hands. "I reckon the amateurs won't hang around for long."

Bob and Gene Montgomery had towed their skiffs—an 18-foot Maverick and a Hewes of equal length, powered by Evinrudes of 140 and 115 hp, respectively—up from Key West early in May. It is a long, grueling drive, a dull 10½ hours, but they were booked with clients through the ninth of June, so at up to \$175 a day the payoff would be worth it. Only the serious come to Homosassa, and the serious are willing to pay dearly for that one good shot.

But the weather played the fly-fishermen false—at least for the early weeks. The entire eastern half of the country was flinching under a miserably cold spring, one that put everything from asparagus and crab apples to trout and tarpon at least two weeks late. A gusty norther blew what few tarpon were in back out to sea, rolling the inshore waters to opaqueness and making life in a skiff a sea-drenched misery. Then the weather settled as a benign high moved into the northern Florida region, and the fish began reappearing.

The 6½-mile ride downriver from the Riverside Villas to the Gulf is a trip on a time machine. Indeed, no sooner does a visitor leave the fast-food joints and shopping malls that flank Highway 19 north from Tampa-St. Petersburg than he is back in the Florida of the early 1950s. Live oaks, winding two-lane blacktop roads, simple houses of pastel stucco or white clapboard underscore the

pon isn't a food fish, so the research money is pretty scant. But it's clear that these are a different lot of fish than the ones we get in the Keys. Big tarpon have been seen for years in the passes off Fort Myers, way to the south of here, and they show up from Tarpon Springs, just down the line, clear on up to the Crystal River north of us and even farther. But it's easier to fish them here—with an excellent motel and good docks fairly close to the action—so this is where we come. Maybe these big fish cruise all the way around the Gulf, from Mexico, or maybe they just move around most of the year in the deep water and only come in close to spawn in the spring. We won't know the

numbers are greatest in the estuaries and offshore passes of Central America and Florida. They come inshore to spawn in the late spring, usually in shallow brackish water, but sometimes in fresh Homosassa Springs, a short boat ride upstream from Godzalla's hangout, pumps six million gallons of crystalline sweet water into the Gulf every hour. Dip your hand into the sea miles from shore and you can scarcely taste the salt.

"I've seen them spawning often in the shallows," says Tom Evans. "Daisy-chaining in circles, nose to tail, with the males on their sides so that you see that laser light for a long way off. There's milt in the water, too. Maybe the high fresh-



Jon Lopez: *Marlin collector*



Tom Evans: *his record lasted a year*

change to raucous plastic-fantastic that has overtaken so much of Florida in the past generation. The river itself is timeless: porpoises and manatees roll slowly in the dark morning water; thin tendrils of mist rise in the green hinkade gloom, a bobwhite whistles as loud and as clear as a boatswain's pipe from a jumpy patch behind a red and white bait house ("Shiners [sic] and Mullet").

Once past the rickety fresh-fish shanty and the no WAKE sign downstream from the motel docks, the guides nail the throats of their skills. It's a riverine slalom through the channel markers at 35 mph, vaulting the wakes of slower commercial boats, blasting past homely fishing cottages and a few big, newer homes. Halfway down to the river's mouth, Bob Montgomery points to a stretch of rock fill on the right bank. "Big development going in there," he yells over the engine roar. "Sagarmill Woods, slick stuff."

A final stern-twitching turn and the skulls line out into the Gulf. The sun has whitened now from its blood-orange rise, and the shallow vee of the hulls thump loud and hollow on a light southwesterly chop. After a 15-minute run, the boats are throttled back to a slow crawl and angled in toward the distant beach.

"We call this Black Rock," says Bob, "because of the dark bottom. Usually in the early morning it's dead calm out here and you can see the tarpon rolling a long way off. But with a chop like we've got this morning, they won't be showing much on the surface. This low light makes it near impossible to see the fish until you're right on them—and by then they're spooked and splitting. We'll give it a shot anyway." He kills the engine and unseats his 18-foot push pole. "Back to the old grind."

But it proves a bad day at Black Rock, and after an hour we pole back out to deeper water and then run down to the next stop—a place called the Bird Rocks. "See those four or five snakes sticking out of the water?" says Bob. "Back during the war, the government built a flat platform out here for the birds to, well, sit on. When the droppings got thick enough, they'd scrape off the guano to get chemicals for high explosives. Sets you wondering: How many fish did how many cormorants have to eat in order to sink one Japanese destroyer?"

A man who spends much of his waking life at the business end of a push pole must have something to think about.

The breeze freshens as the morning wears along, and the sun is still too low for good spotting. But the water is clear, as evidenced by the sudden appearance of shallow-lying rocks that could tear the motor out of any unwary skiff that came blasting through. Six other skiffs have joined us, four of them late arrivals that had bypassed Black Rock. "The break-fast eaters," Bob calls the... with a contemptuous sniff. He himself is a juice and coffee man, a fact seemingly at odds with his Falstaffian girth—until you see him polish off his own two sandwiches by 9:30 and then look soulfully at yours, which

to the third and, by this time of day, the best spot, a vast reach of light-bottomed water that the guides call "Oklahoma." The nickname derives from a bottom of yellow sand studded with stony outcroppings, but through Polaroids the water looks lime green. Margaritaville on the rocks. The wind has died altogether now, except for light and vagrant puffs that cat-paw the slick from time to time. The sun is straight up, and suddenly we are into tarpon. Billy Pate, a luscious, gray-haired tarpon tamer from Greenville, S.C., and Islamorada, gets the first hookup—a good-sized fish that leaps three times so



Billy Pate: a low-key tarpon tamer



Stu Apple: the flying fisherman

you're saving for lunch. But sandwiches are a poor substitute for tarpon.

"That's the hell of it up here," Bob says. "In the Keys, at least if there's no tarpon cruising, you see lots of other things—sharks and rays and barracuda, maybe even permit or mutton snapper or bonefish. Here it's big tarpon or nothing. That's why I think this place won't catch on with the amateurs. That plus the fact that most fly-fishermen don't like to tie into really big fish on a regular basis. It's more fun to jump 10 or 20 smaller fish in a day than to spend your life cranking and pumping until your arms are down to your ankles."

We move farther south along the coast

closely together that it might be three separate fish. After each jump it crashes back into the water like a skinned spruce log off a lumbering flume.

Montgomery and I are watching this spectacle, mouths slightly agape like a couple of kindergartners, when I catch a flash of movement out of the corner of my left eye.

"Cnpe!"

The five tarpon, boring in from the southwest, are within 20 feet of the skiff before I can cock my arm and send the 11-weight line hissing toward them. Too late. Even as the 5/0 streamer fly hits the water, the tarpon are turning away from us. I twitch it back in anyway. You

continued

never know if they will turn again. This time they don't.

"Asleep at the switch, both of us," says Montgomery ruefully. "Those were big fish, too. Maybe 150, maybe better."

Tarpon are working all around us now in pods of two or three or even half a dozen, inshore and out in the deeper water as well. This is nothing to what the action will be when the weather warms and calms down, according to Montgomery, but still it is difficult even for the professionals to decide which way to approach them. Stake out and let them come to you? Or go poling after them? And what do you do when you see a nearby school even bigger than the one you're descending upon?

A few hundred yards inshore we see Gene Montgomery poling madly to the south, leaning into it like a seagoing Mike Tully. His 24-volt electric trolling motor is churning at full blower as he uses it along with his pole to try to catch up with a moving school of fish. Suddenly, unpredictably as ever, the school stops and begins daisy-chaining around a clump of slim, silvery bullhoo. Gene closes on the feeding tarpon and his client casts to them—once, twice, three times. Finally, he makes a good cast, and we see him lean back and sock the hook into the taker's hard mouth. Bam, bam, bam—and once again bam. The fish takes off to the north in a series of long, high leaps, stripping line so fast we can hear it go from a hundred yards away.

"They got a mouth as hard as a loggerhead's shell," says Bob. "This ain't trout fishing nor even salmon fishing. You really got to sock it to them, the more the merrier. That's not Godzilla, though. Maybe 80 pounds. The great-great grandson of Godzilla."

After 20 minutes and a total of six jumps, the fish breaks off. Outside of us, Tom Evans is casting to a fish we cannot see. We watch the loop unfold and the fly line lay out ruler-straight; Evans crouches like a catcher awaiting a fast-ball, snicking in the fly in short six-inch pulls. It strikes—and misses.

A loud, heartfelt obscenity roars across the water.

"That's not very sportsmanlike," Bob chuckles.

"What rude language," echoes Gene. They grin at each other.

But now the tarpon fade away and schools of porpoises take their place on the flats. Every time they roll and blow,



Bob jumps to the alert, then scowls. "Snorin' bastards," he grumbles in anti-Flipperian irreverence. The wind picks up again and we head north toward home.

Back in the Riverside Villas bar, over the customary Margaritas, the anglers are

After a speedy rivanse stalem through live oaks of channel markers, a southerly heading takes the angler to Black Rock Bird Racks and Oklahoma

lamenting the slowness of the action. "You can really get bored out there," says Jim Lopez, the Miami contractor who once held the tarpon fly-reel record at 162 pounds and has more than a dozen other records to his credit. "The other day, for the lack of anything better to do, I served myself out of the boat. I was demonstrating my tennis serve to Hal Chittum, my guide, and I ended up neck-deep in the drink."

Everyone is staring out the window at the low light on the water, at the hunting ospreys and at the little islet just off the docks where a family of spider monkeys resides. The monkeys are playing Tarzan on their ropes, or else scampering up on a warning sign—*not* monkeys will bite—to beg food from passing boats. A miniature lighthouse, striped like a barber's pole, rises from one end of the island. The monkeys are a lot livelier than the anglers.

"Maybe tomorrow..."

The fish are still there in the morning. Over the citizens-band radios by which the guides exchange information we learn that Stu Apte, the Pan-Am pilot and outdoor entrepreneur, has already hooked and released tarpon of 80 and 130 pounds. Apte, once a guide himself, holds the records for 6-pound-test tippet (82½ pounds) and 12-pound-test tippet (154 pounds); now he wants the 15-pound record as well. This is the first time he has fished Homosassa seriously, though he push-poled Al Pfeuffer Jr. around here a couple of years ago. His earlier records were set in Flamingo Bay and at Key West.

The wind today has backed around to the south, and as the morning wears along, its velocity increases to whitecap level. I'm fishing with Gene Montgomery today, while my partner, Art Brawley, who jumped the 80-pounder yesterday, is teamed up with Bob. We're staked out with six other boats at Oklahoma when Bob pipes up on the CB: "Into a good fish down here—150, maybe more."

Bob and Art are outside of us and a bit south, so the poling as we try to catch them is all "upstream." It would be the worst breach of etiquette to fire up the engine in the vicinity of the other skiffs, since the roar would put down any fish that might be moving into the area. Gene sweats us clear, and by the time we reach Bob's skiff the fight is already 35 minutes old.

"He was a single," yells Bob. "I saw

him over my shoulder just as we were about to move. Art's cast was short, but he turned and gobbled the fly not 10 feet from the boat."

The seas are heavy now from the south, and the tarpon is dragging them toward Mexico. Whenever Art manages to bring the fish in close to the boat, it rolls to the surface and takes in some air. Rejuvenated, it then surges off again, taking most of the fly line, and sometimes some of the backing. An hour has gone by, and the heavy seas combined with a sore heel (too much tennis) are telling on Art. Whenever the fish gets close to the boat, Bob hes out over the bow with his release gaff ready, reaching with his free hand for the short 100-pound-shock tippet. Twice he gets his fingers on it, but not in time—the fish surges away again.

"If we'd wanted to kill it, I could have had the big gaff in it during the first hour," Bob shouts. "But this guy ain't quite Godzilla—not yet."

After an hour and 55 minutes, with the drag on the fly reel screwed down dangerously tight in an effort to bring the big tarpon within range of the release gaff, the inevitable happens. The leader breaks at its 15-pound section. The fish, not quite as exhausted as Art, fins slowly away, passing under our skiff with a final flash of burnished silver.

"Before we tied into this guy," Bob says, "we saw a string of huge fish—180-pounders at least. You just can't be sure with these fish up here. What looks like 180 could well be over 200. You've got to get them in close so you can see how thick they are."

Art looks up from his seat in the shock chair and wipes his brow with a bandanna. "I'm damned glad he wasn't 200," he says. "We'd be halfway to Panama by now."

That night the wind blows hard and steady out of the northwest. In the morning the water is roiled and murky. Not even the diehards stay out for long. Unless a tarpon jumped in the skiff, it would be virtually impossible to see it. Once the wind stops, it will take two tides at least for the water to clear.

Back in the bar, the anglers sip beer and watch the cavorting monkeys. "I don't know who's sillier, them or us," says Bob Montgomery. "But when that 200-pounder comes along, it'll all be worth it."

Maybe tomorrow. ...

END

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THERE'S NEVER BEEN AN



OPEN LIKE IT

The past, future and present came together on one incredible day at Cherry Hills in 1960 as Palmer caught Hogan and Nicklaus by **DAN JENKINS**



CONTINUED

They were the most astonishing four hours in golf since Mary, Queen of Scots found out what dormie meant and invented the back nine. And now, given 18 years of reflection, they still seem as significant to the game as, for instance, the day Arnold Palmer began hitching up his trousers, or the moment Jack Nicklaus decided to thin down and let his hair fluff, or that interlude in the pro shop when Ben Hogan selected his first white cap.

Small wonder that no sportswriter was capable of outlining it against a bright blue summer sky and letting the four adjectives ride again: it was too big, too wildly exciting, too crazily suspenseful, too suffocatingly dramatic. What exactly happened? Oh, not much. Just a routine collision of three decades at one historical intersection.

On that afternoon, in the span of just

18 holes, we witnessed the arrival of Nicklaus, the coronation of Palmer and the end of Hogan. Nicklaus was a 20-year-old amateur who would own the 1970s. Palmer was a 30-year-old pro who would dominate the 1960s. Hogan was a 47-year-old immortal who had overwhelmed the 1950s. While they had a fine supporting cast, it was primarily these three men who waged war for the U.S. Open championship on that Saturday of June 18, 1960. The battle was continuous, under a steaming Colorado sun at Cherry Hills Country Club in Denver. Things happened to the three of them and around them—all over the place—from about 1:45 until the shadows began to lengthen over the same elms and cottonwoods, the same wandering creek, and the same yawning lake that will be revisited this week as Cherry Hills again is host to our grandest championship

In those days there was something in sport known as Open Saturday. It is no longer a part of golf, thanks to television—no thanks, actually. But it was a day like no other; a day on which the best golfers in the world were required to play 36 holes because it had always seemed to the USGA that a prolonged test of physical and mental stamina should go into the earning of the game's most important title. Thus, Open Saturday lent itself to wondrous comebacks and horrendous collapses, and it provided a full day's ration of every emotion familiar to the athlete competing under pressure for a prize so important as to be beyond the comprehension of most people.

Open Saturday had been an institution with the USGA since its fourth annual championship in 1898. There had been thrillers before 1960, Saturdays that had tested the Bobby Joneses, Walter Hagens, Gene Sarazens, Harry Vardon, Francis Ouimet, Byron Nelsons, Sam Sneads—and, of course, the Ben Hogans—not to forget the occasional unknowns like John L. Black, Roland Hancock and Lee Mackey, all of them performing in wonderfully predictable and unexpectedly horrible ways, and so writing the history of the game in that one event, the National Open.

But any serious scholar of the sport, or anyone fortunate enough to have been there at Cherry Hills, is aware that the Open Saturday of Arnold, Ben and Jack was something very special—a U.S. Open that in meaning for the game continues to dwarf all of the others.

The casual fan will remember 1960 as the year old Arnie won when he shot a 65 in the last round and became the real Arnold Palmer. Threw his visor in the air, smoked a bunch of cigarettes, chipped in, drove a ball through a tree trunk, tucked in his shirttail, and lived happily ever after with Winnie and President Eisenhower.

And that is pretty much what happened. But there is a constant truth about tournament golf: other men have to lose a championship before one man can win it. And never has the final 18 of an Open produced as many losers as Cherry Hills did in 1960. When it was over, there were as many stretcher cases as there were shouts of "Whoo-ha, go get 'em, Arnie!" And that stood to reason after you considered that in those insane four hours Palmer came from seven strokes off the



They would pose as Open winner and runner-up twice more, but in 1962 and 1967 Nicklaus was No. 1

continued

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lead and from 15th place to grab a championship he had never even been in contention for.

Naturally, Palmer had arrived in Denver as the favorite. Two months earlier he had taken his second Masters with what was beginning to be known to the wire services as a "charge." He had almost been confirmed as The Player of the New Era, though not quite. But as late as noon on Open Saturday, after three rounds of competition, you would hardly have heard his name mentioned in Denver. A list of the leaders through 54 holes shows how hopeless his position seemed.

The scoreboard read:

Mike Souchak 68-67-73—208
Julius Boros 73-69-68—210
Dow Finsterwald 71-69-70—210
Jerry Barber 69-71-70—210
Ben Hogan 75-67-69—211
Jack Nicklaus 71-71-69—211
Jack Fleck 70-70-72—212
Johnny Post 75-68-69—212
Don Cherry 70-71-71—212
Gary Player 70-72-71—213
Sam Snead 72-69-73—214
Billy Casper 71-70-73—214
Dutch Harrison 74-70-70—214
Bob Shave 72-71-71—214
Arnold Palmer 72-71-72—215

Through Thursday's opening round, Friday's second round, and right up until the last hole of the first 18 on Saturday, this Open had belonged exclusively to Mike Souchak, a long-hitting, highly popular pro who seldom allowed his career to get in the way of a social engagement. His blazing total of 135 after 36 holes was an Open record. And as he stood on the 18th tee of Saturday's morning round, he needed only a par four for a 71 and a four-stroke lead on the field.

Then came an incident that gave everyone a foreboding about the afternoon. On Souchak's backswing, a camera clicked loudly. Souchak's drive soared out of bounds, and he took a double-bogey 6 for a 73. He never really recovered from the jolt. While the lead would remain his well into the afternoon—long after Arnold had begun his sprint—you could see Souchak painfully allowing the tournament to slip away from him. He was headed for the slow death of a finishing 75 and another near miss, like the one he had experienced the previous year in the Open at Winged Foot.

Much has been written about Arnold

Palmer in the locker room at Cherry Hills between rounds on Open Saturday. It has become a part of golfing lore. However, there could hardly be a more appropriate occasion for the retelling of it than now. As it happened, I was there, one of four people with Arnold. Two of the others were golfers—Ken Venturi and Bob Rosburg, who were even farther out of the tournament than Palmer—and the fourth was Bob Drum, a writer then with the *Pittsburgh Press*. It was a position that allowed Drum to enjoy the same close relationship with Palmer that *The Atlanta Journal's* O. B. Keeler once had with Bobby Jones.

Everybody had cheeseburgers and iced tea. We bathed our faces and arms with cold towels. It was too hot to believe that you could actually see snowcaps on the Rockies on the skyline.

As Palmer, Venturi and Rosburg sat on the locker room benches, there was no talk at all of who might win, only of how short and inviting the course was playing, of how Mike Souchak, with the start he had, would probably shoot 269 if the tournament were a Pensacola Classic instead of the Open.

Arnold was cursing the first hole at Cherry Hills, a 346-yard par four with an elevated tee. Three times he had just missed driving the green. As he left the group to join Paul Harey for their 1:42 starting time on the final 18, the thing on his mind was trying to drive that first green. It would be his one Cherry Hills accomplishment.

"If I drive the green and get a birdie or an eagle, I might shoot 65," Palmer said. "What'll that do?"

Drum said, "Nothing. You're too far back."

"It would give me 280," Palmer said. "Doesn't 280 always win the Open?"

"Yeah, when Hogan shoots it," Drum said, laughing heartily at his own wit. Drum was a large Irishman with a P.A. system for a voice and a gag-writer's knowledge of diplomacy.

Arnold lingered at the doorway, looking at us as if he were waiting for a better exit line.

"Go on, boy," Drum said. "Get out of here. Go make your seven or eight birdies and shoot 73. I'll see you later."

Bob Drum had been writing Palmer stories since Palmer was the West Pennsylvania amateur champion. On a Fort

Worth newspaper, I had been writing Ben Hogan stories for 10 years, but I had also become a friend of Palmer's because I was a friend of Drum's.

Palmer left the room but we didn't, for the simple reason that Mike Souchak, the leader, would not be starting his last round for another 15 or 20 minutes. But the fun began before that. It started for us when word drifted back to the locker room that Palmer had indeed driven the first green and two-putted for a birdie. He had not carried the ball 346 yards in the air, but he had nailed it good enough for it to burn a path through the high weeds the USGA had nurtured in front of the green to prevent just such a thing from happening. Palmer had in fact barely missed his eagle putt from 20 feet.

Frankly, we thought nothing of it. Nor did we think much of the news that Arnold had chipped in from 35 feet for a birdie at the second. What did get Bob Drum's attention was the distant thunder which signaled that Arnold had birdied the 3rd hole. He had wedged to within a foot of the cup.

We were standing near the putting green by the clubhouse, and we had just decided to meander out toward Souchak when Drum said:

"Care to join me at the 4th hole?"

I said, "He's still not in the golf tournament."

"He will be," Drum said.

And rather instinctively we broke into a downhill canter.

As we arrived at the green, Palmer was in the process of drilling an 18-foot birdie putt into the cup. He was now four under through 4, two under for the championship, only three strokes behind Souchak, and there were a lot of holes left to play.

We stooped under the ropes at the 5th tee, as our armbands entitled us to, and awaited Arnold's entrance. He came in hitching up the pants and gazed down the fairway. Spotting us, he strolled over.

"Fancy seeing you here," he said with a touch of slyness.

Then he drank the rest of my Coke, smoked one of my cigarettes, and failed to birdie the hole, a par 5. On the other hand, he more than made up for it by sinking a curving 25-footer for a birdie at the par-3 6th. At the 7th, he hit another splendid wedge to within six feet of the flag. He made the putt. And the cheers that followed told everybody on the golf course that Arnold Palmer had birdied six of the first seven holes.

continued

It was history book stuff. And yet for all of those heroes it was absolutely unreal to look up at a scoreboard out on the course and learn that Arnold Palmer still wasn't leading the Open. Some kid named Jack Nicklaus was. That beefy guy from Columbus paired with Hogan, playing two groups ahead of Palmer. The amateur. Out in 32. Five under now for the tournament.

Bob Drum sized up the scoreboard for everyone around him.

"The fat kid's five under and the whole world's four under," he said.

That was true one minute and not true the next. By the whole world, Drum meant Palmer, Hogan, Souchak, Boros, Fleck, Finsterwald, Barber, Cherry, etc. It was roughly 3-30 then, and for the next half hour it was impossible to know who was actually leading, coming on, falling back, or what. Palmer further complicated things by taking a bogey at the 8th. He parred the 9th and was out in a stinging 30, five under on the round. But in harsh truth, as I suggested to Bob Drum at the time, he was still only three under for the tournament and two strokes off the pace of Nicklaus or Boros or Souchak—possibly all three. And God knows, I said, what Hogan, Fleck and Cherry—not to mention Dutch Harrison, or even Ted Kroll—were doing while we were standing there talking.

Dutch Harrison, for example, had gone out very early and was working on a 69 and 283. And way back behind even Palmer was Ted Kroll, who had begun the round at 216, one stroke worse off than Palmer. Kroll and Jack Fleck had put almost the same kind of torch to Cherry Hills' front nine holes that Palmer had. Kroll had birdied five of the first seven holes, with one bogey included. Fleck had birdied five of the first six, also with a bogey included. Kroll was going to wind up firing the second-best round of the day, a 67, which would pull him into what later would look like a 200-way tie for third place at the popular figure of 283. One last footnote: Don Cherry, the other amateur in contention, was the last man on the course with a chance. There was this moment in the press tent when everyone was talking about Palmer's victory, and somebody calculated that Don Cherry could shoot 33 on the back nine and win. Cherry was due to finish shortly after dark. He quickly made a couple of bogeys, however, and that was that. But, meanwhile, we were out on

the course thinking about Palmer's chances in all of this when Drum made his big pronouncement of the day.

"My man's knocked 'em all out," he said. "They just haven't felt the shock waves yet."

History has settled for Bob Drum's analysis, and perhaps that is the truth of the matter after all. The story of the 1960 Open has been compressed into one sentence: Arnold Palmer birdied six of the first seven holes and won.

But condensations kill. What is missing is everything that happened after 4 o'clock. The part about Mike Souchak losing the lead for the first time only after he bogied the 9th hole. The part about Nicklaus blowing the lead he held all by himself when he took three ghastly putts from only 10 feet at the 13th. This was the first real indication that they were all coming back to Palmer now, for Nicklaus' bogey dropped him into a four-way tie with Palmer, Boros and Fleck.

But so much more is still missing from the condensation, Nicklaus' woeful experience as a young amateur cost him another three-putt bogey at the 14th hole, and so, as suddenly as he had grabbed the lead, he was out of it. Then it was around 4-45 and Palmer was sharing the lead with Hogan and Fleck, each of them four under. But like Nicklaus, Fleck would leave it on the greens. Boros had started leaving it on the greens and in the bunkers somewhat earlier. He was trapped at the 14th and 18th, for instance, and in between he blew a three-footer. In the midst of all this, Palmer was playing a steady back side of one birdie and eight puts on the way to completing his 65. And until the last two holes of the championship, the only man who had performed more steadily than Palmer, or seemed to be enduring the Open stress with as much steel as he, was—no surprise—Ben Hogan.

It was getting close to 5:30 when Hogan and Palmer were alone in four under par in the championship, and the two of them, along with everybody else—literally everyone on the golf course—had somehow wound up on the 17th hole, the 71st of the tournament.

The 17th at Cherry Hills is still a long, straightaway par five, 548 yards, with a green fronted by an evil pond. In 1960 it was a drive, a layup and a pitch. And there they all were. Hogan and Nicklaus

contemplating their pitch shots as the twosome of Boros and Player waited to hit their second shots, while the twosome of Palmer and Paul Harney stood back on the tee.

Hogan was faced with a delicate shot of about 50 yards to a pin sitting altogether too close to the water to try anything risky. Ben had hit 34 straight greens in regulation that Saturday. He needed only a par-par finish for a 69, which would have been his third consecutive subpar round in the tournament. He had to think this might be his last real chance to capture another Open. And nobody understood better than Hogan what it meant to reach the clubhouse first with a good score in a major championship.

Armed with all of this expertise as I knelt in the rough and watched Hogan address the shot, I brilliantly whispered to Drum:

"He probably thinks he needs another birdie with Arnold behind him, but I'll guarantee you one thing. Ben'll be over the water."

At which point Hogan hit the ball in the water.

He made a bogey 6. And in trying to erase that blunder on the 18th with a huge drive, which might conceivably produce a birdie, he hooked his tee shot into the lake and suffered a triple-bogey 7. Sadly, only 30 minutes after he had been a co-leader with just two holes to go, Hogan finished in a tie for ninth place, four strokes away.

Second place then was left to the 20-year-old with the crew cut, and Nicklaus' score of 282 remains the lowest total ever posted by an amateur in the Open.

All in all, these were tremendous performances by an aging Hogan and a young Nicklaus. The two of them had come the closest to surviving Palmer's shock waves.

It was later on, back in the locker room, long after Palmer had slung his visor in the air for the photographers, that Ben Hogan said the truest thing of all about the day. Ben would know best.

He said, "I guess they'll say I lost it. Well, one more foot and the wedge on 17 would have been perfect. But I'll tell you something. I played 36 holes today with a kid who should have won this Open by 10 shots."

Jack Nicklaus would start winning major titles soon enough as a pro, of course. But wasn't it nice to have Arnold around first?

END

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A man and a woman, both dressed in white tennis-style clothing, are seated at a table. The man, in the foreground, is wearing a white V-neck sweater with a dark collar and is holding a glass of a light-colored beverage with an orange slice. The woman, standing behind him, is wearing a white short-sleeved polo shirt and is also holding a similar glass. On the table in front of them are two bottles: one of Seagram's Extra Dry Gin and one of Schweppes Bitter Lemon. There are also some orange slices and a small woven basket on the table. The background is a solid dark color.

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But the probability is that no cop, recognizing the license plate, is going to make a special fuss. It reads 4BSR. Barry Sheene's Rolls-Royce. For the time being, the 4 will have to stand for "for," because this is only the third Rolls that Sheene has owned. And, as he will explain to you, there is a two-year waiting period for a new Rolls. So what you do is, when you take delivery, you order your next one right away. It takes a while to build up to four. At 27, give the boy a chance.

The cop, unless he is in a very livenish mood, will do just that. If he read any newspaper at all in England, not long ago he would have seen a picture of Sheene, sniffling, uncharacteristically decked out in a sober suit, discreetly striped tie and highly polished shoes. Behind him were the familiar iron railings of Buckingham Palace whence Barry had just emerged

clutching a handsome cross with a pink-and-white ribbon. That decoration had just been handed him by the Queen. Now he is Barry Sheene, Member of the British Empire.

Well, it isn't exactly a knighthood, the MBE, but not so long ago the odds would have been against Sheene's winning any kind of official decoration. Five years ago he was barely cracking open the throttle of his Suzuki bike on the way to the mass of racing titles that are now his, crowned with the 500cc. world championship in 1976 (he won five of 12 Grands Prix) and in 1977 (six wins)—the 500cc. class having the preeminent prestige of Formula 1 in automobile racing. In the eyes of millions of Englishmen who don't know a crankshaft from a gudgeon pin, Sheene is the greatest thing on two wheels since Queen Boadicea took to her war chariot and carved up the Roman legions.

But a lot of men have won a lot of motorcycle races without becoming figures of quite the national stature of

Sheene. Englishmen, too—like John Surtees, who was 500cc. champion four times, then won the Formula 1 championship for Ferrari. Much the same was true of England's Mike Hailwood, who won the GP title four straight years in the mid '60s and then had a mediocre career in Formula 1. But none of them, for heaven's sake, has figured in Fabergé TV advertising for cologne or, indeed, earned around \$500,000 a year, as Sheene is reputed to do. Maybe that doesn't put him in the Nicklaus or even the Virginia Wade class, but it is very heavy money, almost unbelievable money for a motorcyclist. So maybe you have to dig to a deeper layer than his superlative skill on a racing bike to discover what it is that makes Sheene, in England anyway, as well known as his close friend George Harrison, once of the Beatles. Or, as the left-wing London weekly *Time Out* has ponderously put it, "A culture hero for the declining '70s."

It is a description that made Sheene giggle when he read it, an entirely char-

continued

Barry Sheene feels grotty and is facing tough new challengers, but the cocky Cockney cyclist keeps the throttle wide open in defense of his title

by CLIVE GAMMON

MAKING A BLOODY GOOD GO OF IT



acteristic reaction. He is not weighed down with false dignity. He is still, indelibly, a sharply intelligent Cockney kid (literally a Cockney: early, on a quiet Sunday morning, with the wind the right way, you can certainly hear the sound of Bow Bells from the Grays Inn Road off which Sheene was born). As urban as a sparrow and not a whole lot bigger (5'9", 155 pounds), he manages to combine genuine modesty with continuous, bubbling chatter about his bikes and his racing. You think of the young Mickey Rooney reprogrammed to talk with Eliza Doolittle's accent, and what comes out is precise and vivid. As when he recounts the horrific crash he experienced in 1975 at Daytona. As he often seems compelled to do.

He giggles again, in a self-deprecatory way, for knowing the time so precisely. "It was three o'clock on the afternoon of Feb. 28. I was testing out all different types of tires. The Suzuki was very good, and I thought we had a great chance to win the Daytona 200. Within half an hour of starting to practice, I'd got down to the quickest times Kenny Roberts had done, so I thought I'd go out and do a complete 200-mile race on my own to make sure that I was physically in tune and everything. The fifth lap I came off the banking onto the start-and-finish straight, doing 160 mph, changing up to top gear, getting up toward 175, 180 mph. Then I felt this vibration. Then an enormous bang. Like somebody hitting me up the backside with a sledgehammer. The bike went sideways and it threw me off, right up the road, about 150 yards up the tarmac. The tread had ripped clean off the canvas of the tire. Broke me left leg, me wrist, collarbone, ribs, vertebrae—I done in six vertebrae—damaged a kidney, internal bleeding. It was a bit of a major, see?"

Sheene will race no more at Daytona, he says. His reason is not the painful memory of his crash. In fact, Sheene considers Daytona one of the better world-class courses in terms of safety. "There's not a lot to hit in the infield," he explains. "You just go off into the grass. On the banking you can hurt yourself but if you fall down you tend to go straight. Safety-wise it ain't so bad. From the time I fell off there until the ambulance arrived it was roughly three minutes. And that was in a test session, when I was out on the track alone."

Sheene, like a lot of other European

riders, will not be going to Daytona again until there is a change of financial policy. "The guy that runs Daytona," he declares, referring to Bill France, the founder of NASCAR as well as the president of Daytona International Speedway, "is making an awful lot of money and he is not sharing it. None of the riders get appearance money. You could be well up for the whole of the race, take the lead in the last lap, hold it to within 20 yards of the line, stop with some mechanical problem and you don't earn enough to pay a motel bill. Motorcycle racing is my sport and my life, but I can't do it for nothing. I can't travel 6,000 miles, whatever it is, and spend \$20,000 or more in expenses on the pure speculation that I'll win the race and pick up maybe \$25,000."

"Anyhow, it's all Yamahas from front to back because of the rules and regulations of the American Motorcyclist Association. The AMA says race a 'production' machine, which means at least 25 just like it have been made, but the racing department at Suzuki is too small for that. Yamaha's budget allows it to do that and, as a result, Daytona is just a one-horse race. It's a shame."

Daytona, in any event, did not figure in Sheene's—and Suzuki's—main aim, which is to win the 500cc. world championship again this year. Rider and manufacturer got off to an auspicious start in the Venezuelan Grand Prix in March when, in a steaming 104° at the San Carlos track, Sheene took first place on his RGA500 Suzuki, while the Yamahas of his two chief rivals, Kenny Roberts of Villa Park, Calif., and Johnny Cecotto, the sporting idol of Venezuela (for whom, it's said, the San Carlos track was built), dropped out with mechanical trouble, boding ill for the Yamaha challenge this year.

But Sheene collided with some trouble also. The following weekend he was to lead the British team against the U.S. in the Transatlantic Trophy series spread over three days at Brands Hatch in England. By the time Sheene had set up his bike, he found his head swimming from a virus that he had picked up in Venezuela. In the paddock at Brands, after morning practice, Sheene slumped wearily in his trailer. "Gawd," he said, "I've been a fool to myself. I get back to the airport from that steaming heat, all my coats were in me luggage, and I stand outside for half an hour in the freezing cold try-

ing to get a cub. Gawd, I feel gross. I think I've got the flu."

That first day of the Transatlantic the flu was not immediately apparent. On his Suzuki, which barely has enough display space for the 11 different sponsors' stickers it carries, he won the first of the two races run. He had come from way behind and picked off rider after rider, a tactic that sometimes has gotten him accused of showmanship, though Sheene swears he is just a natural slow starter. In the second race, though, Pat Hennen, a Suzuki teammate from San Mateo, Calif., got a wheel in front of Sheene at the finish.

"Teammate" is the correct description at only the most literal level. Sheene was wild with fury in the paddock after the race. "If I could have got at Hennen," he said later, "I would have hit him. I passed him on the last lap, then he cut me up at Stirling's Bend a mile from the finish. If I hadn't let him through he'd have nailed me and we'd have both been off."

Later in the week, in a column Sheene writes for *Motorcycle News* he repeated the accusation, adding, "In seven years of racing I have never done that sort of thing to anyone and it is the first time that anyone has done it to me." The "teammates" have separate crews of mechanics and never travel together. They even have separate bike transporters. Sheene's a gleaming Mercedes truck, Hennen's a small English van.

"I had a terrible, terrible weekend," Sheene said. In the two remaining days (and four races) of the Transatlantic, he twice came in third to Roberts and Hennen. In the other two races he blew an engine in one and fell in the second—his first tumble in three years. He was unhurt, but in the series he was one to five down against Hennen. Overall, Britain won the Transatlantic 162-110, thanks to solid strength in the middle placings, but Hennen and Roberts had taken the glory. Sheene, certainly, was genuinely affected by the flu, and 500cc. bikes were not involved in the series. But enough happened over the weekend to reassess the nature of the assault on his world title in 1978.

He himself will tell you that the man he fears most is Cecotto, the Venezuelan. But there are plenty of backers for Roberts, the two-time AMA champion, who has won three of the five 500cc. events this year and leads the 13-race series with

continued

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**Wolfschmidt
Genuine Vodka**

57 points. Hennen, who stands second with 51 points, crashed on June 4 and was unconscious for almost a week and may not race again this season. Sheene is in third place with 47 points. He has won only one race so far but he is also still suffering from the bug he picked up in Venezuela. In addition, on May 28, while he was leading a 750cc. race in Belgium, another driver's bike hurtled into the crowd where Sheene's father, Frank, and his girlfriend, former *Playboy* model Stephanie McClean, were standing. The senior Sheene's leg was broken, and McClean was treated for shock.

Sheene, however, still has a good chance to win a third straight title. Ceccotto is often unpredictable and unreliable. Roberts had much to learn about the European circuits and has taken on an enormous task in trying to win all three motorcycle championship series, the 250, the 500 and the 750cc. Although Roberts declares that he has beaten everyone he is likely to meet, including Sheene, he is also sensible enough to qualify this by adding that he regards 1978 as a tryout year. "It is very much a two-year program I have in mind," he has said.

Sheene's chances of overtaking Roberts also depend on his holding a tight rein on his temper. As he admits, it can flare up easily. He was a rebel during his brief schooldays—"a hooligan," is how he puts it—but, he feels, justifiably so. "I didn't feel I had to stand for being humiliated and abused by teachers, so I didn't go where they could get at me much. I used to leave the house in the morning, put my jeans on round the corner and go off to a racing circuit for the day. I'm older and more sensible now, but still, if there's something I really feel about, I'll go to the ends of the earth to hold up against it. If I say 'no' then I bloody well mean it."

Much of Sheene's naysaying has been directed against racetracks that he considers to be dangerous. Such is his prestige that by refusing to appear in the notorious Isle of Man round-the-houses Tourist Trophy race in which Hennen crashed, Sheene has devalued that event. Last year, at the Salzburg-Ring in Austria, he led a walkout after the death of a rider in a pileup, claiming the track was not fit to ride on. One achievement he is particularly proud of is having the Brno track in Czechoslovakia crossed off the Grand Prix list on the same grounds.

Now he has set his sights on the Imatra track in Finland. "Imatra is close to the Russian border," Sheene says. "There's pine trees and ditches, railway lines and gawd knows what all around. If you go off the circuit you hit a telephone post. That's not my idea of sport."

The other main target of his rage is the Inland Revenue, the British equivalent of the IRS. But when it is suggested that Sheene, like some other high-earning British sportsmen, should live abroad to avoid penal levels of taxation, he explodes again. "I don't see why I should be pushed out of England by the bloody government. I was born 'ere, I love England. Why should the bloody government push me out of the place where I was born? I had a meeting with some men from a special branch of the Inland Revenue. I thought I'd hate them, but they were just reading out of their book, I suppose. Still it gets to the stage where it's a total joke. Jus' leave me with something. Half of everything I earn I'd willingly give them. But I bloody well be grudge giving them 83%. If they were to go out on a motorbike and get throwed up the road at 170 mph, lie in hospital for weeks, then walk around 'alf crippled for the rest of their lives, fair enough. If they go and do that, they deserve to 'ave something'..." At this point words fail him.

But he is clearly in earnest about staying in England. A week after the Transatlantic Trophy he moved to a new home, which couldn't be more English. And not much more expensive than a stately home—a magnificent, 30-room, half-timbered farmhouse on 30 acres of land in rural Surrey, at Charlwood, this once belonged to Gladys Cooper and in part dates back to the 13th century. To buy it—at a price he will not reveal but which cannot be much less than \$250,000—Sheene sold another country home in Cambridgeshire and a duplex apartment in London.

There is a cottage on the grounds of his new home for his parents, to whom he is deeply attached, and a milking shed he plans to convert into a shop in which to work on his bikes. To his splendid Surrey acres he will also bring Stephanie McClean.

Barry Sheene, MBE, in his square-chalr manor house farm... once again it seems close to incredible that this should happen to a motorcycle rider. But then again, there seems a considerable differ-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PATRICK WARD



Sheene's Rolls sets off his Surrey farmhouse

ence between this small, neat, quizzical-looking young man and the masses of English fans who come to see him race. Mostly, they are heavily leathered and hirsute. Some, believe it or not, slip out of family sedans in the parking lots decked out in full bike-riding gear. But Sheene himself sees no contradiction. "Listen," he says, "the old Hell's Angels image has gone—people going around beating old ladies, smashing shop windows. Watching racing, or taking a dirt bike out, or racing yourself—it's enjoyable. It's no big macho thing to ride a motorbike. Girls can ride motorbikes. I ride one." He giggles again.

How long he will go on riding one—in competition, that is—is a matter for conjecture. All over England there are enormous Texaco billboards featuring Sheene and James Hunt, the former Formula 1 champion. It is logical to expect that someday soon Sheene will make the switch to racing automobiles. He has tried it privately, he admits. He is on first-name terms with "James" and "Mario" but, with Suzuki looking over his shoulder, he is reluctant to set any kind of date. "Maybe when I get too old for the bike," he grins. But the day may come well before that.

END



FOR ONCE, THE CUBS IN A LAUGHER

Because the houselights do not dim at New York's American Place Theater as the Organic Theater Company's *Bleacher Bums* begins, the audience is caught off guard by a wiry, middle-aged woman in a blue hairnet who appears in its midst and hollers, "Herb! Herb! Zykowski!" in the flattest Midwestern accent ever heard east of Lake Michigan.

While the theatergoers are trying to decide whether the woman is a member of the cast or some nut who wandered in off Sixth Avenue, their attention is abruptly drawn to the stage, where, suddenly, a buxom blonde in catflops and little else is settling down in what is supposed to be the rightfield bleachers at Wrigley Field, home of the Chicago Cubs, pennantless for 31—going on 32—years.

The blonde is Melody King (played by Roberta Carter), a hostess in a restaurant called Jonathan Livingston Scafood, and she has come to Wrigley Field to sunbathe. As she spreads her towel and slathers herself with orange-colored axle grease, the regulars begin to arrive. Greg, (Michael Sadi) a good-natured blind man with a transistor radio in his ear, Zig (Dennis Franz), a 30-year veteran of the Wrigley bleachers shown above with his long-suffering wife Rose (Carolyn Purdy-Gordon), Richie (Ian Williams), a harmless halfwit; Decker (Jack Wallace), a gambler whose heart is where his brain should be; Marvin (Richard Felt), a gambler who has no heart at all, and a hyperactive adolescent (Keith Szarabajka), called only "that kid," whose outcasts for outfielder-baiting are nonpareil. "We'll make him climb the vines," he boasts as he prepares to unload on the opposition's rightfielder, Mike Anderson.

The time is midsummer 1977, and the unseen game is against the St. Louis Cardinals. "We tried to create a prototypical Cubs game,

the most frustrating game we could dream up," says Stuart Gordon, the play's director and founder of the 9-year-old Chicago-based Organic Theater Company. Lest *Bleacher Bums* be robbed of its drama, the outcome of that game will not be disclosed here, but anyone who has been even a casual Cubs fan has a pretty good idea of how it winds up.

The play was a hit in Chicago last year, a hit in what is known in New York as Off-Off-Broadway this spring, and has now moved uptown to the American Place, the big time of experimental theater. The *Bleacher Bums* script was derived from a combination of eavesdropping and improvisation. At the suggestion of Joe Mantegna, a company member who is a Wrigley Field regular, the actors spent last summer in the bleachers observing the natives and, in the manner of anthropologists, tape-recording their chatter. Then, aiming by immiting, they improvised the show, saving what worked, discarding what didn't. Some of the characters are composites, some are based on real fans, but all—except Marvin—are lovable lunatics who live on hope and bet on anything that moves.

Zig roars and bets, Richie drools and bets, Decker sweats and bets, Marvin wheedles and needles and bets, Greg provides the play-by-play via his transistor radio, with the blonde as his color person, "that kid" shrieks inanely, and Rose—the one in the blue hairnet who has come to the park to save Zig from himself—reveals herself as an apt pupil of Jack Brickhouse, the Cubs' TV announcer. "Actually, Herb, it was a split-finger fastball," she says smugly, squashing her A's to perfection.

Bleacher Bums has no plot to speak of, the game provides as much structure and forward movement as is necessary. Laughter is the object, and the laughs the play provokes are of the best kind. They rise, seemingly effortlessly, out of deft characterization and logic—well, almost logical—situations.

Marvin, of course, winds up with all the money, but by and large the nice guys win in the end. Zig and Rose even arrive at an understanding. "This little lady I won't trade for nuts!" he says. "I won't trade her for Jesus down there." Finally, Greg, the blind man, delivers himself of a triumphant fantasy in which the Cubs win the World Series in the 23rd inning of the seventh game against the White Sox. Ernie Banks, who has been brought out of retirement, knocks in the clincher with a homer into Greg's lap.

"And now," he says, standing and snapping his white cane into position, "I am going to walk, Miss King to the El!"

END

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Don Drysdale did it in a World Series game; Sam McDowell did it to Frank Howard all the time; Robin Roberts never did it, but occasionally he should have. What these pitchers did—or didn't—do was practice the subtle art of the intentional unintentional walk. The guys up in the radio booth like to describe the IUW as "pitching around the batter," but Tom Seaver prefers to think of it as the pitcher's way of telling the batter "to go to hell."

Minnesota First Baseman Rod Carew and Atlanta Leftfielder Jeff Burroughs have been piling up a lot of IUWs this year. Of course, that is bound to happen when you are contending for the league lead in hitting and have a forest of green or dead wood around you in the lineup. Last week, despite tendinitis in his right elbow and a blister the size of a 50¢ piece on his right palm that made him miss several games, Carew was working on his seventh American League batting title with a .358 average; only California's Ron Jackson, a career .233 hitter, was anywhere near him. After leading the National League for most of the spring, Burroughs fell to fifth with a .318 average. Meanwhile, each of them was collecting enough bases on balls of every type—IUWs, IWs and plain old Ws—to be on his way to a career high in walks.

For a pitcher, the intentional unintentional walk is a risky tactic because in defusing one batter he can ignite a big inning. For hitters like Carew and Burroughs, who are paid handsomely for their hits and run production, it has the frustrating effect of taking the bats out of their hands and replacing them with walking sticks. "The whole purpose is to try to get the batter to swing at a bad pitch," says Texas Pitching Coach Sid Hudson. A bad pitch can be a slider in, a curve out or a fastball below the knees—anything anywhere, except a melon in the strike zone. The pitcher hopes that if the batter swings he will either miss or make poor contact. "And if he doesn't swing and you walk him," says Ranger Pitcher Jon Madack, "you don't really worry about it because you prefer to pitch to the next guy anyway."

Ideally, the man waiting in the on-deck circle is an easier out, if not for every pitcher then at least for the one on the mound. Seaver says there is one hitter on every team whom he refuses to pitch to in the last three innings of a close game.

Al Oliver, for example, was Seaver's man in Pittsburgh before he moved to Texas this season. Sandy Koufax used to pitch around Bob Uecker, a catcher with a .200 lifetime batting average who somehow managed to give the Dodger left-hander fits. The hitters who ordinarily receive such cautious treatment are sluggers like Babe Ruth, who walked 170 times in 1923; Ted Williams, who twice had 162 bases on balls in a season; and Reggie Jackson, whom Jim Palmer walked three times while pitching a no-hitter nine years ago.

One of the oddest examples of the IUW occurred in the second inning of the third game of the 1963 World Series between the Dodgers and the Yankees. With two out and Joe Pepitone on second and Mickey Mantle on third, Drysdale figured the safest way to protect his 1-0 lead was to pitch around the eighth hitter in the batting order to get to the pitcher. "With Jim Bouton throwing so well, I didn't think the Yankees would pinch-hit for him that early in the game," Drysdale says. Sure enough, after loading the bases with an IUW to Clete Boyer, Drysdale got out of the jam by striking out Bouton. He ended up winning the game 1-0.

There are some pitchers who will not pitch around a batter, no matter what the circumstances. Bob Gibson and Robin Roberts were that way, and so is Kansas City's Paul Splittorff, who says, "To me, the semi-intentional walk is a slap at the next hitter. It serves to wake him up. I don't want to do it unless I know I can overpower the next guy."

Splittorff's damn-the-torpedos approach recently cost him a game against Minnesota. A situation arose that seemed ideal for some kind of walk: sixth inning, K.C. ahead 2-1, nobody out, runners at second and third, Carew at bat. Splittorff decided to pitch to—not around—Carew, a costly decision, because Carew doubled to left to drive in both runners. The Twins made those runs stand up for a 3-2 victory. "Our plan for Carew that day was to shift the defense over toward left and make him hit to the opposite field," recalls Splittorff. "His first two times up I thought we were on to something because he grounded to third and hit a ball to left that should have been caught but wasn't. So I pitched to him again, and this time he hit a ball nobody could catch, right on the foul line."

continued

A cutdown in cuts

The intentional unintentional pass has turned the bats of hot hitters Rod Carew and Jeff Burroughs into walking sticks



Carew is torn by having fewer chances to rip

That, of course, is what makes Carew the extraordinary hitter he is and why most pitchers would not have had anything to do with him in such a situation. But as Splitzoff's teammate Dennis Leonard recently learned, an IUW to Carew can also work against you. With two out in the third inning and a runner at third in a 1-1 game, Leonard worked so carefully to Carew that he walked him—and the Twins went on to score five runs. "It looked to me that in trying to protect one run they gave up five," says Minnesota Manager Gene Mauch. "That's showing Rodney too much respect."

Pitchers are finessing Carew more this season because the defections of Lyman Bostock, a .336 hitter in 1977, to California and Larry Hise (192) to Milwaukee have left Carew without threatening batters around him in the lineup. Third Baseman Mike Cubbage and Centerfielder Dan Ford are Minnesota's only other .300 hitters, and given Cubbage's .251 lifetime percentage and Ford's average of 68 RBIs a season, they are hardly

the kind of batters likely to make a pitcher more willing to pitch to Carew.

"It's obvious that pitchers have decided they aren't going to let me get the big hit," says Carew. "They are pitching around me whenever there is a runner in scoring position and less than two out." Ordinarily, pitching around Carew is not all that easy because he is a free swinger who cuts at—and often stings—pitchers outside the strike zone. He has never walked more than 74 times in a season, while the picky Burroughs has averaged 78 bases on balls since becoming a regular five years ago. But recently Carew has become more selective, and he is collecting bases on balls at a rate that will give him 82 for the year. "Early in the season I was swinging, but not any more," Carew says. "They want me to fish for the ball, but I'm not going to do it. I don't want to create any bad habits. If they keep pitching around me, the guy behind me could drive in 150 runs this year." Unfortunately for Minnesota, pitchers know that the two batters who

usually hit behind Carew, Ford and Cubbage, will have to continue doing well to get 150 RBIs between them.

Burroughs, who bats fourth, has even less support than Carew. Until Atlanta Manager Bobby Cox shook up his order a couple of weeks ago to give Burroughs some backing, the batting averages behind him looked like this: .211, .239, .236 and .132. A Death Row if there ever was one. Number .211, First Baseman Dale Murphy, says, "It was a compliment to hit behind Jeff, but I know I wasn't filling the need. I just wasn't a threat." Cox hopes to have more success now that off-injured Rightfielder Gary Matthews has been dropped from third to fifth.

"I know when I'm swinging well, I'm not going to get anything on a silver platter," says Burroughs. "With nobody on base, maybe 90% of the pitches will be ones I want to see. With runners on first and third, it's probably more like 50%."

Actually, National League pitchers have been more careful than Burroughs realizes. He has already received 42

continued

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walks; at that rate, if he plays 154 games as he did in '77, he will end up with 126 for the season. "How are you pitching Burroughs?" Cincinnati Catcher Johnny Bench was asked. "We're not," Bench answered. "We don't want him playing in our game." Bench was not exaggerating. In Atlanta recently, Cincy walked Burroughs four times and won 7-5.

Just how cautious pitchers have been with Carew and Burroughs in pressure situations is shown by the two hitters' modest totals of game-winning hits. Although they lead their teams in RBIs—Carew with 32, Burroughs with 26—Carew has only one "game" and Burroughs four. Carew's came in that sixth inning against Kansas City, when Splitteroff refused to walk him. Burroughs has done even less damage in the late innings. All of his winning hits came in the fifth inning or earlier.

The most obvious way of pitching around a hitter is giving the intentional walk, four pitches so far outside that nobody can hit them. Not that Carew hasn't tried. He has four intentional walks, and on every one of them he nudged as close to the plate as he could, just in case the ball came within swinging range. Burroughs has four IWs.

If he could, Carew would like to do away with intentional walks altogether. He is even considering giving a pitcher a no-ball two-strike advantage by swinging at the first two deliveries. That, Carew hopes, would tempt the opposition to forego the IW in an attempt to get a third strike. "If that's what I have to do to get a chance to hit, I will," Carew says. "I have a job to do, and if they aren't pitching to me, I'm not able to do it." Carew contends that this plan is not as foolish as it sounds—at least for him. "I'm a better hitter with two strikes," he says. "If the pitcher accepts my challenge, I won't get a hit every time, but I think I can get one often enough and drive in enough runs to make up for the times I fail. It would be a good way to see how much guts pitchers have."

Carew tried a similar ploy two years ago in a game against Oakland, except that he did not take his two swings until the count reached 3-0. "Jim Todd was the pitcher," Carew says. "He looked over at the manager, Chuck Tanner, to ask if he should try to throw the 3-2 pitch over the plate and get me out. Tanner shook his head, and Todd threw it outside again for ball four."

Burroughs is not about to try anything like that. With a .258 lifetime average—compared to Carew's .335—he knows he does not have the bat control to play Russian roulette with the pitcher. As his statistics show, he is much more willing to accept bases on balls, especially because he knows that even the best hitters make outs seven of 10 times. And Burroughs does not consider himself to be among the best. "I don't want to sound negative, but I'll probably finish around 285 or 290," he says.

Lending the league in hitting was such a rare treat for Burroughs that he asked his wife to clip the Top Ten from the newspaper the first time his name headed the list. "I figured I might never see it again," he says. He is accustomed to seeing his name among the home-run and RBI leaders—he had 41 and 114 last year—but after leveling off his batting stroke in spring training, he has not gotten the height on the ball he has in the past. As a result, he has hit only four homers, even though Atlanta Stadium is one of the best home run parks in baseball. "I'm not worried about that," he says. "If I get the ball up in the air just a little in Atlanta, they are going to come."

While Burroughs waits for his home runs to soar and his batting average to plummet, Carew is entertaining the notion that by trying so hard to avoid him, pitchers may be inadvertently helping him toward a 400 season. He came close last year, falling only 12 points and eight hits shy. "If there is any time that I'll hit .400, it would have to be this year," he says. "A pitcher usually bears down when there is a runner on base, which makes it tougher to hit. If they are pitching around me, I won't be swinging as often under those tough circumstances. That also means my arms won't be as tired late in the season. Of course, for all of this to happen, I'd probably need more walks than I've usually gotten—at least 100. But by being more selective, I could get that many."

Only Carew would even think about batting .400 in a year when he is not getting anything good to hit.



With a flip of the bat, Burroughs takes one of his 42 walks

THE WEEK

(June 4-10)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AL WEST Dismayed by the White Sox' abysmal pitching, a Chicago fan placed a classified ad in the *Tribune* for "Baseball Pitchers, Lefties or Righties. Excellent career opportunities. . . . Mail your résumé in confidence." Among the more than 100 respondents were "Leftie Go Mezz," who wrote, "I can have my service for nothing. . . . I'd hurt for your team for the glory and the t.v. commercials I'd surely get." Perhaps spurred on by club president Bill Veeck's promise to give all applicants a tryout, the White Sox (5-2) suddenly got outstanding pitching. Steve Stone's three-hitter and two RBIs by Bill Nahorodny took care of Cleveland 2-0. Francisco Barrera defeated the Indians 3-0, and Ken Krayev struck out 12 as he beat the Twins 8-3. Climbing to fifth, the Sox extended their victory string to five games—and to 12 of 13—with Wilbur Wood and Jim Willoughby holding off Minnesota 2-1. Nahorodny and Garr doubled in the two runs. And Ron Schaefer allowed only one run in six innings of relief as he beat Texas 4-3.

Oakland (4-4) proved it could slug it out

continued

with the best. The A's hit two homers as they beat the Yankees 6-4, cracked six doubles as they outlasted the Red Sox 9-7, and decked Boston again 7-1. Oakland also fanned California 1-0 behind the pitching of Matt Keough. Bob Lacey and Elias Sosa, Keough, 22, whose father Marty and uncle Joe were major-leaguers, squared his record at 4-4 and trimmed his ERA to 2.04, third best in the league for a starter. For Jose Ynocencio Sosa, 25, who is a first cousin of the Alou brothers, the save was his third of the week and ninth of the season for the division-leading A's.

Texas (5-1) leaped from fourth place to second as Dock Ellis won twice, Ferguson Jenkins beat Kansas City 2-1, and Bobby Boners homered twice. After being obtained last fall from the Mets, where he had received little offensive support, Pitcher J. J. Matlack was guaranteed by Ranger owner Brad Corbett that he would get five runs a game. "I should have gotten it in writing," said Matlack (3-6), who has been backed with three or fewer runs in nine of his first 12 starts.

After battering Chicago 13-2, Kansas City's hitters also provided its pitchers with scant support as the Royals (2-4) dropped four straight one-run games. Durrell Porter heeded the advice of Manager Whitey Herzog, who said that he found a smaller bat effective when he had faced knuckleballers during his playing days. Using a club two ounces lighter and 2½ inches shorter than he normally swings, Porter had five hits against Chicago's Wood during the 13-2 romp.

Two more one-run setbacks left Minnesota (0-5) with a 4-12 record in close encounters.

Ron Jackson of California (4-3) was second in the majors in batting—to Rod Carew's .358—with a .356 average. His most important hit of the week was a 12th-inning single that knocked off New York 4-3. Jackson was also one of four Angels to homer during a 10-7 win in Oakland, his three-run blast as the eighth tying the score at 7-7. Don Baylor, who is second in the league in home runs with 15, settled that contest with a three-run drive in the ninth. Frank Tanana's streak of scoreless innings against Boston in Anaheim was ended at 4½, but Dave LaRoche notched his seventh save and preserved Tanana's ninth victory. Lyman Bostock, batting .344 in his last 33 games, lifted his average to .271. As recently as May 2, it had been .152.

Shortstop Craig Reynolds of Seattle (2-4) set a club record by extending his hitting streak to 16 games.

OAK 32-25 TEX 29-25 KC 26-25 CAL 29-27
CHI 24-30 MIN 21-34 SEA 19-40

AL EAST

Superb pitching by Jim Palmer and Mike Flanagan (both 8-4) helped Baltimore (5-0) run its victory streak to nine games and to move to within 6½ games of Boston. Palmer's 1-0 three-hitter in Oakland was his fifth shutout

of the season and his third by that score. A two-out single in the ninth by Ken Singleton and a double by Lee May produced the game's only run. In his last five starts, Palmer has yielded only one run. Flanagan beat Seattle 4-1 as Singleton had four RBIs, and then downed Oakland 5-3. Eddie Murray, who batted .421, broke up a tie with California by homering in the 10th, and the Birds won 6-2.

Both Boston (2-3) and New York (2-4) stumbled on the West Coast. Luis Tiant (5-0) of the Red Sox won 3-2 in Seattle and Mike Torrez (9-2) breezed past the Mariners 13-1. Despite 10 homers, the Yankees fell five games back. Four of those home runs made it easy for Ron Guidry (9-0) to defeat Seattle 9-1. Thurman Munson, who had been 0 for 35 against California's Frank Tanana, took him down to break that slump, but the Yanks needed a two-run single in the ninth by Ricky Dent to win 3-1.

A thunderous offense enabled Milwaukee (5-1) to regain fifth place from Cleveland with a 12-7, 9-4 doubleheader sweep of the Indians. Paul Molitor had 10 hits in 17 at bats (.588) and stole three bases. But Cecil Cooper, who was batting .313, was lost for about three weeks with a cracked bone in his right leg. Bill Travers (3-2), who did not pitch until May 15 because of elbow surgery, beat Cleveland 9-4 and Toronto 5-0.

Rusty Staub's five RBIs put him second in the league with 39 as Detroit (3-2) barely clung to third.

Johnny Grubb hit one of two three homers for Cleveland (2-4), a two-run shot that helped Rick Wise hold off the Twins 6-3. Believer Jim Kern saved that game and also a 7-3 win over Minnesota for David Clyde who is now 4-0.

Bases on balls continued to haunt Toronto (0-3). Fourteen walks last week raised the Blue Jay pitchers' total to 226 in 53 games.

BOS 36-19 NY 32-23 DET 30-24 BAL 31-25
ML 28-26 CLEV 25-28 TOR 19-34

NL WEST

"We don't have a Big Red Machine and we don't have blue blood in our veins, but we have an orange skateboard in our dugout and what we gotta do is get it on the sidewalk, headed downhill," said San Francisco's Vida Blue. Presumably, downhill meant up to first place, which is where Blue kept the Giants (2-4) with a 2-1 win in New York. That victory left San Francisco eight percentage points ahead of Cincinnati and, Blue hoped, ended the team's traditional June swoon. The Giants haven't won anything but one-run games, in which they have a 17-11 record this season.

While California voters backed Proposition 13 to lower property taxes, the Dodgers (2-5) decreased their own value by blowing leads and dropping five games behind. Adding to their miseries was a shoulder injury that sidelined Reggie Smith. After the Dodg-

ers lost for the 22nd time in 37 games, Dusty Baker made them 5-4 winners with a two-run bloop double in the ninth in Montreal.

Four of the league's top five RBIs men are in the West. Leading them all is George Foster of Cincinnati (3-4), who has 46. Joe Morgan, who drove in five runs, is fifth with 39. Ken Griffey's .387 hitting moved him to the top of the league with a .333 average. Tom Seaver (3-4) won twice. And Bill Bonham (7-0) stopped Chicago 9-6 with the aid of a single, a double and two RBIs of his own.

Robbie Fingers of San Diego (2-4) rapped out a run-producing single in a 10-8 win in Chicago as he picked up his 14th save and locked up Gaylord Perry's 25th victory. The Padres' big gun that day was Dave Winfield, who had six RBIs. Earlier Fingers preserved a 5-2 triumph for Perry in New York.

J. R. Richard of Houston (3-2) did just about everything when he faced St. Louis: allowed only five hits, walked just two, struck out 13, singled twice and scored a run. However, his teammates' fielding lapses led to a 4-2 loss. Next time out, Richard fanned 12 Cardinals—he leads the league with 111 strikeouts in 94 innings—and won 11-7 as Jose Cruz had five RBIs.

The Braves (2-5) found the secret to winning—hitting grand slams. Dale Murphy's wallop in the ninth beat Pittsburgh 8-0, and Bill Pocerob's slump helped Phil Niekro defeat St. Louis 6-0.

SF 33-21 CIN 35-23 LA 29-27
HOU 24-29 SD 24-31 ATL 20-34

NL EAST

"My wife kidded me. You're not hitting your weight," said Philadelphia's Greg Luzinski, who was batting .229 and weighing in at 233 pounds. Luzinski helped move the Phillies (6-0) into first place, slamming his 11th and 12th homers to beat the Braves 6-1 and joining the Giants 7-6 with a two-out, two-run single in the ninth. In all, the Bull had 10 RBIs as he brought his average up to .240. With San Francisco ahead by a run in the eighth, Jim Morrison was surprised to see Manager Danny Ozark take off the burnt sign. Morrison, a .172 batter, homered on the next pitch. That made Ozark look smart. So did a pinch homer by the next batter, Bob Boone, which sewed up a 4-3 win. Ozark kept making the right moves two nights later as the Giants left 5-4 when Jose Cardenal delivered a pinch single in the ninth. Ozark chuckled as he explained that he had sent up Cardenal rather than 297 hitter Jerry Martin, because Jose "is a better high-ball hitter." What made his statement laughable was that Cardenal's hit came on a low pitch. An all-out conditioning program by 39-year-old Jim Kaat (3-0) continued to pay off as he used his pepped-up fastball to win twice and lower his ERA to 2.62.

Although he had only six hits, Dave King-

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man of Chicago (5-2) made them count, closing four homers and driving in 10 runs. Kingman, who took over the league lead in home runs with 14, unloaded a two-run shot and made a pair of sparkling catches in left-field as Dennis Lamp beat San Diego 5-0 on a one-hitter. The second-place Cubs tried to bolster their pitching by reacquiring Ken Holtzman from the Yankees for a minor league player to be named later.

With No. 7 batter Andre Dawson and No. 8 Larry Parrish accounting for 25 of the Expos' 36 runs, Montreal (5-2) remained close to the division lead. Dawson slugged a three-run homer and Steve Rogers (7-5) tossed the third one-hitter of his career to beat the Dodgers 4-1. Montreal then overcame a 5-0 Los Angeles lead, winning 10-9 as Parrish connected for a bases-loaded home run. Ross Grimsley defeated San Diego 8-3 to become the majors' first 10-game winner. With the Expos leading the Padres 2-0 in the sixth, the lights went out in the world's most expensive ball park, Montreal's Olympic Stadium. During the 69-minute wait before the game was suspended, the players cavorted in the glow of auxiliary lights. They conducted a throwing contest and a phantom infield drill; Ozzie Smith of the Padres

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

LARRY PARRISE: Last year the Expo third baseman batted .266, had 46 RBIs and was often booed; last week he hit .435 (he is up to .287), had eight RBIs (he leads Montreal with 34) and received five standing ovations.

did a cartwheel and a backflip; admitted-spiralballer Gaylord Perry of San Diego juggled a bucket of water to the mound; and Dawson won a 100-foot race against Derrel Thomas of the visitors. The next day the game was concluded with the Expos coming out on top 4-0.

For the Mets (3-3), their 13th win in 26 one-run decisions was their grandest yet as they stunned the Dodgers, who had led 8-2 in the fourth. Los Angeles came within one strike of winning 8-6, but John Stearns walked on a 3-2 delivery. Next up against Terry Forster, the Dodgers' best reliever, was Tim Lincecum, who had a .182 average. Folliott ended his 0-for-13 slump with a game-tying double. And then Shortstop Bill Russell threw wildly past first on what should have been an inning-ending grounder, allowing Folliott to score. The only Eastern player among the league's top five RBI producers is Willie Mon-

taner of New York, who has driven across 40 runs. Seven of them came in last week as he hit .435. His RBI single during a two-run eighth finished off the Giants 3-2.

Hitting with the vigor that used to be their trademark, the Pirates (3-2) battled back from an 8-1 deficit against the Reds for an 11-9 victory. Bill Robinson, who hit .450, had three doubles that day and two more during a 4-1 conquest of Cincinnati.

When it came to doubles, the major league leader was, surprisingly, Ted Simmons of St. Louis (3-4), whose two last week raised his total to 21. What is so unusual about that? After all, the Cardinals have won more doubles titles (25) than any other team. Stan Musial of the Redbirds led the league a record-tying eight times, Rogers Hornsby four, and Joe Medwick three. What is unique about Simmons is that he is a catcher, and no backstop has ever led either league in two-base hits. Furthermore, Simmons is fourth in the league with a .323 average. Only two catchers have ever led the league in hitting—Ernie Lombardi in 1938 (.342) and 1942 (.330), and Eugene (Bubbles) Hargrave in 1926 (.353).

PHIL 30-21 CHIC 31-22 MONT 31-25
NY 27-31 PIT 24-26 STL 22-37

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Clancy Edwards completed a double double



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Dual duels in the sun

A sprinter and a distance runner each took a pair of titles at the AAU meet

Clancy Edwards thinks his best years lie ahead of him. He figures he is just now learning how to run. Based on form alone, he doesn't appear to have progressed much beyond sprinters' kindergarten. No one has yet taught him to bend his knees while scurrying down a track, which is why his USC teammates constantly mimic his style. Clancy himself openly admits, "I run like a duck."

While his running is merely laughable, Edwards' start is plain atrocious. The pistol has long since sounded and the field is fast disappearing in front of him before 22-year-old Clarence Edwards gets untangled from the blocks. Yet last weekend this bearded, muscular, 5' 11", 180-pound duck graduated *summa cum laude* in sprinting by winning the 100-meter and 200-meter dashes at the National AAU championships in Los Angeles.

Asked if he considered himself the world's fastest human, Edwards replied, "How about the week's fastest human?" Ah, but what a seven days. On the previous weekend, at the NCAA championships in Eugene, Ore., Edwards had also doubled, with a 1978 world-best of 10.07 in the 100 and a meet-record 20.16 in the 200. He had further helped USC win the team title by running a leg on the Trojans' victorious 400-meter-relay team. Then, in L.A., Edwards became only the third man to achieve a double double by winning both the NCAA-AAU 100 and 200. The last to do it was Hal Davis of California, who accomplished the feat twice—a double double double—in 1942-43. Add to that the fact that Edwards has run the world's fastest 200

this year—20.03, in a USC-UCLA dual meet—plus the fact that he was last year's World Cup 200 champion and his credentials as the World's Fastest Human seem hard to dispute.

Edwards' AAU victories earned him a spot on a U.S. team that will face a team from the U.S.S.R. in Berkeley, Calif. on July 8-9. For the most part, the U.S. will be represented by the first- and second-place winners from the AAUs and, using last weekend's performances as a gauge, it should be a singularly strong squad.

The AAU took a refreshingly positive step toward guaranteeing that the country's best athletes would be on hand in Berkeley by offering to pay team members' round-trip air fare to the meet, not just from their home cities but from wherever they will be at the time. That is a particularly important distinction because most of America's best track and field athletes spend the summer competing in Europe. As Mac Wilkins announced as soon as he had won the discus with a throw of 219' 9", "I will throw against the Soviet Union only if the AAU will fly me to Berkeley from Scandinavia and then back to Scandinavia after the meet." This demand wasn't churlishness on the part of the world-record holder; it was the stating of an economic necessity. A round-trip flight, Stockholm-San Francisco, costs \$1,281, which is a bit steep for an amateur athlete.

Not everyone is going to take advantage of the AAU's largesse. Dan Ripley, who won the pole vault with a jump of 18' 3", has a prior commitment to compete in Gateshead, England, on July 9. That meet also boasts Dwight Stones, the AAU high-jump winner with a 1978 outdoor world best of 7' 6½". But overall the AAU's offer promises to make competitors out of a lot of athletes who otherwise would have been no-shows. In addition to Wilkins and Edwards, the list includes Arnie Robinson, who sailed 27'-4" to win his sixth AAU outdoor long-jump title; Steve Scott, the 1,500 winner in 3:38.8; and Jan Merrill, who won the 1,500 by 10 meters in 4:09.4 and, two hours later, came back to take the 3,000 by 40 meters in a meet-record 8:56.4.

Another Scandinavian commuter will be Jodi Anderson, a sophomore at Cal State Northridge who set an American record of 22' 7½" in the long jump. Despite the fact that she fell backward

Continued

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the next parish. Go past the "three R's" place, and where David's lad abides, turn onto a red dirt road. At the black gold storage place, head north. **Look for a warning.** Two hard left turns and a short drive will bring you to an old sawmill. Continue till you are warned about digging and stop (if you're warned more than once, you've gone too far). On your right is an overgrown trail. Follow it to two former money-makers. From one of them, take a bearing of 160 degrees, and take a pace for each of the 120 years people have been enjoying Canadian Club. Now take 44 more in any direction but the one you've come from to where three stumps form a triangle.

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That's the Game

into a sitting position on landing. Anderson's leap is the third best in history, only 3/4" short of the world record held by Sigrun Siegl of East Germany.

Five days before her record jump, Anderson had finished first among Americans and third overall in the AAU pentathlon championship in Tempe, Ariz. Immediately after her leap she was boldly talking of a double in the long jump and the pentathlon at the 1990 Olympics. "That jump sent chills all through my body," she said.

One more promising outgrowth of the AAU's plane-ticket policy will be yet another rematch between 110-meter hurdlers Renaldo Nehemiah, who will jet in from Stockholm, and Greg Foster. Their rivalry seems destined to produce a world record sometime this year. In fact, the only thing standing between either of them and a new hurdles record is the hurdles themselves. Two weeks ago in Eugene, UCLA's Foster clipped four of the barriers while edging Nehemiah; nevertheless he missed Alejandro Casañas' world record of 13.21 by only .01. In Los Angeles it was Nehemiah's turn. He hit the sixth hurdle and the last one, the 10th, while winning in 13.28.

"If Foster had been with me all the way, today might have been a world record," said Nehemiah. "I don't think I was pressured the whole race. You have to have pressure to a point where you have to dive at the finish. I didn't have to dive today." He didn't have to dive because Foster, who finished second in 13.43, hit the first hurdle, another in the middle and clobbered the last one.

Nehemiah credited his victory to his start. As a high school boy in Scotch Plains, N.J., where he became the only hurdler in history to break 13 seconds for either 100 meters or 120 yards, he used to practice starts in his room, hurdlings over his bed. He had put mirrors on all the walls so he could critique his form. Last week Nehemiah won with a modified start suggested by Dick Hill, the coach of former world-record holder Rod Milburn. "He told me to come out looking straight at the first hurdle," Nehemiah said. "I used to drive with my head down. That first hurdle is important because that's where you get all your momentum."

Nehemiah was particularly pleased with his AAU title because he felt it was the first time he had been rested and fresh to run against Foster, who had beaten

him twice previously. "In the NCAA's I ran the anchor leg on the 400-meter relay 10 minutes before the hurdles," the Maryland freshman pointed out. Nehemiah also hinted last week that he might want to transfer to a West Coast school—not UCLA—because of all the races he was being asked to run. After those thoughts were printed in a newspaper, he backed off, embarrassed that he had not first privately communicated his feelings to his coach, Frank Costello. Said Nehemiah, "I haven't talked to Frank about it. I had no gripes except for the obvious thing—I ran too many races. I'm just going to talk to him about it and see if we can plan my program for next year a little better."

As brilliant as the duels between Nehemiah and Foster have become, their meeting in Los Angeles was overshadowed by Edwards' performances. Counting heats, Edwards had run nine races in Eugene the previous weekend and his training for the AAU's had consisted of taking final exams and moving his belongings from the campus to his mother's house in Santa Ana, Calif. On Thursday, the first day of the meet, he got the last qualifying position in his heat in both the quarterfinals and semifinals for the 100. Edwards admitted he was tired and when he arrived at the track for the 100 finals the next day he said he was sore all over. Veteran Edwards watchers saw this as a good omen; before his 20.03 200 in April he had complained of an aching back.

For a while the 100-meter final seemed to have ended Edwards' hopes. Donald Quarrie of Jamaica, the 200-meter gold medalist in Montreal, who was running in Lane 4, appeared to have broken the tape first. Even Edwards, in an outside lane and looking on toward Quarrie, thought that was the case. As reporters crowded around the Jamaican, Edwards said resignedly, "I used up all my energy at the start and didn't have it at the end." Then Jim Murphy of KNBC in L.A., who had just seen the Accurack photo of the finish, came up to Edwards and asked, "Why is everybody talking to Quarrie? You won."

"Are you sure?" said Edwards as Murphy walked off. Getting no answer, the sprinter asked a bystander, "Is he sure?"

At that point the meet announcer came on the P.A. system to give the results. Quarrie held up a hand to silence

his questioners so he could hear his time. Instead, he heard that he had lost to Edwards' 10.14 by .01. Quarrie slumped in disbelief. Then with a wry smile he said to the crowd around him, "I guess you guys will have to go elsewhere." That's exactly what the media horde did, moving en masse over to where Edwards was standing. Quarrie watched them go, then turned to the lone remaining sportswriter and remarked, "Isn't that funny?" After a pause he mumbled to no one in particular, "The tape felt firm when I hit it. Maybe the photo finish isn't at the tape."

Edwards used his unexpected platform in front of the press to confirm rumors that he badly wants to play football for USC in his one remaining semester there. He said he had been contacted by John Robinson's coaching staff about trying out as a wide receiver and said he would probably cut his European track season short to go to football camp with the Trojans on Aug. 17.

Edwards played football without distinction at Santa Ana High School. It was there that his track potential was discovered when he ran a 10.6 100-yard dash in sneakers in a sophomore physical education class. As a freshman at Cal Poly San Luis Obispo in 1974, he ranked ninth in the world and third in the U.S. at 200 meters. The following year he slipped to 13th in the world, and the year after that, while at Santa Ana Junior College, he was unranked. His track career seemed to be at an end.

In February of 1977 Edwards entered USC as a junior. "SC was the big turnaround in my career," he said last week. "I got publicity, coaching and good competition there." Last year Edwards re-emerged on the track scene, ranking fifth in the world at 100 meters and third at 200. His goal this year is to be first in both. He stayed right on course last Saturday. After telling a friend, "I'm tired, you know me—I'm always tired," he completed his double by blazing to a 200-meter win in 20.25, more than two-tenths of a second faster than James Gilkes, who came in second.

After he had broken the tape in the 200, Edwards could not conceal his glee. He stood on the track just past the finish line, flashing a broad smile and waving to the cheering fans. Then, a sudden urge gripping him, he trudged to the head of the track, peeled off his shoes and waded into the steppechase pond. Just like a duck, he had taken to water.

END

They're first, at long last

After 16 seasons and 233 days, the Bullets won their first NBA title by shutting down Seattle's hot guards and getting plenty of backspin from a surprising hero

What could have been more appropriate than the fact that the very last American to be kept waiting for this incredibly long pro basketball season to end was Jimmy Carter?

The President waited and waited in the White House last Friday for the Washington Bullets, the newly crowned NBA champions, to show up for a reception, while his helicopter idled on the South Lawn, ready to whisk Carter off to Camp David for the weekend.

"Where on earth are they?" the President might have asked Larry O'Brien, the NBA commissioner, who once kept a toothbrush in the White House. "They were due at five o'clock."

"Relax, Mr. President," O'Brien might have replied. "Be thankful they aren't playing overtimes into July."

At that moment the Bullets were on Pennsylvania Avenue, their motorcade slowed by thousands of fans showering love on the capital's first championship

team since 1942, when the Redskins beat the Bears for the NFL title. The fans not only showered love, Wes Unseld, the MVP of the playoffs, got sprayed with a bottle of beer. "Jimmy Carter's gonna love this," said Unseld.

The scene was reminiscent of the one in the Bullets' dressing room at the Seattle Coliseum two nights earlier, after Washington's 105-99 victory over the SuperSonics had made them only the third NBA team to win a seven-game championship series on the road. During their celebration, the Bullets soaked each other not with champagne but with Hencken. "Well, I've always said that we're the work-ethic team," said Coach Dick Motta, "so I guess beer is appropriate."

As the beer was spritzed around, the Bullets manifested their joy in different ways. Forward Bob Dandridge bounced between the low ceiling and the floor like a dribbling basketball, whooping

"Hey! Whoop! Whhee! Yeah!" Guard Charles Johnson, who had helped clinch the championship with 19 points worth of unconscious shooting in Game 7, made like the cool, dispassionate pro. "I'm a pressure player," he said, sucking on a toothpick. "If my shot's got backspin, it's got a chance."

Unseld, the center who had labored for nine years without a championship and was voted MVP mainly on sentiment—Dandridge having been more valuable during Washington's 21 playoff games—drew the most reporters. "What I feel is relief," said Unseld. "Aren't you happy?" he was asked. "Sure I'm happy," he said. "Look at me. I'm ecstatic." An ecstatic statue, apparently.

Then there was Elvin Hayes, a non-champion, too, for nine years. Was this vindication for all those occasions he was accused of disappearing at crunch time, or was there some truth to the sign in the coliseum that read: THE BLST HAYES IS HELEN HAYES? That was a touchy question, because in Game 7 Hayes had taken only 10 shots and scored just 12 points, at least partly because of good defense by rookie Jack Sikma and veteran Paul Silas. And as the Bullets won their first championship in the franchise's 16 seasons, Hayes was the Silent E sitting on the bench with six fouls. "They can say whatever they want," said Hayes. "But they gotta say one thing: E's a world champion. He wears a ring."

The Sonics' 27-game home winning streak notwithstanding, Game 7 belonged to Washington from the beginning. The Bullets got little help from Hayes, but they could cope; the Sonics got no help from two-thirds of their trio of hot-shooting guards, and they could not. Washington got balanced scoring from starters Dandridge (19), Unseld and Guard Tom Henderson (15 each) and 32 points from subs Johnson and Mitch Kupchak. Inside, Seattle got a series-high 27 points from Center Marvin Webster and 21 from Sikma, but, baby, it was cold outside. If Gus Williams' 4-for-12 shooting was woeful, what word could describe the 0-for-14 performance of Dennis Johnson?

"Unpenable," said D.J., who had been the leading Sonic candidate for the MVP award.

Instead it was one of the other Johnsons—Charles—who was the hero, not only for hanging the collar on D.J. (with

continued



As late arrivals Motta (left) and Polin cheer, the President prepares to dribble off to Camp David

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1947.
The MG-TC.

1970.
The 240-Z.

1953.
The Corvette.

smoothness and high performance. It made some important differences.

The compactness made possible a front mid-engine design, providing nearly perfect weight distribution for impeccable handling and smooth ride. It also made possible the RX-7's slick, wind-cheating lines.

At the same time, the smooth power and broad, flat torque curve of the Mazda rotary make the RX-7 a real stormer, but one that's easy to get along with at low speeds.

If you thought you'd never own one of the great sports cars, better test drive a Mazda RX-7

GS-Model (shown) or S-Model. You simply have to experience it from the driver's seat to understand what this car is all about: the kind of comfort, versatility and room you've always wanted, the kind of performance you've always dreamed of. And all at a price you'll find hard to believe.

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GS-Model shown: \$6,995*

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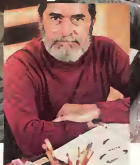
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U.S. Postal Service 

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Source: on Dance Stamps (Newsline April 27)

Collect U.S. Commemoratives. They're fun. They're history. They're America.

help from Kevin Grevey and Dandridge but also for throwing in bombs from here and beyond. And down the stretch, if C.J. missed from the vicinity of Mount Rainier, Kupchak, who was in for Hayes, would pick off the offensive rebound and jam it in.

The play that defused the Sonic Boom came with 1:30 left in the game. After an 11-point Bullet lead had dwindled to four, 98-94, thanks to the scoring of Brown, who pumped in 21 points, and Webster, C.J., took his lone bad shot of the game, a 25-footer with 10 seconds left on the shot clock. The rebound sat on the floor under Webster, Silas and Sikma, until Henderson dived in and slapped it through Sikma's legs. The ball rolled right to Kupchak, who grabbed it, layed it in and picked up a foul for a three-point play.

That gave the Bullets enough of a cushion to stave off the Sonics' desperate run in the final minute. Brown hit a 10-footer, Unseld missed two free throws, Silas tipped in a Brown miss, and it

was 101-99. While Motta frantically signaled for a time-out so he could yank Unseld—and thereby keep him and his .550 playoff free-throw percentage off the foul line—Silas wrapped a bear hug around Wes with 12 seconds left. Amid a din that sounded like a thousand 747s taking off, Unseld missed the first of three free throws and made the second. Motta called his time-out.

"You blew his rhythm," Dandridge screamed at Motta, while the Exiled E ran along the sideline yelling at Referee Jack Madden. "Watch the clock, Jack! Make sure the clock is set right!" After the huddle, Unseld made the third shot and the Bullets had their elusive title.

"I remember my first game coaching the Bullets in Capital Centre last year," said Motta afterward, clad in a T shirt bearing his slogan, THE OPERA ISN'T OVER "TIL THE FAT LADY SINGS, "I got a standing ovation. All boys."

There were no boos when a crowd of 8,000, including a singing fat lady, met

the Bullet charter at Dulles airport on Thursday. The next day came the motorcade and the visit to the White House.

The East Room was packed with fans—"I wonder if they'll get this big a crowd for Morarji Desai next week?" said a press corps regular. At one point Carter referred to the NBA as the "National Basketball Administra . . . er, uh . . . Association," and said, "I am very proud of the Bullets, although I really wish they could have won without beating Atlanta."

Then Bullet owner Abe Pollin presented Carter with a Fat Lady T shirt, and Motta gave the President a basketball. Thus armed, Carter faked a chest pass to Assistant Coach Bernie Bekerstaff, took four good-looking dribbles to the middle of the East Room floor, wheeled, threw a clumsy lob pass to Charles Johnson and flew off for Camp David.

The champions had been given the Presidential seal of approval, and the basketball season was officially over, after 233 days of playing.

END

FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT
KILLS ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGUS.

FOR JOCK ITCH
KILLS JOCK ITCH FUNGUS.

KILLS FUNGUS ON CONTACT

Aftate
FOR Athlete's Foot

Aftate
FOR Jock Itch



When he stopped in for a suit at the B&G, Bobby Halpern almost bought it

Down, but not for the count

They blasted him in the face with a shotgun, then they let him have it twice in the chest and once in the belly with a .38, and when he went down, one of the gunmen emptied his .38 into Bobby Halpern and the other one reloaded his shotgun and fired another blast, just to make sure.

Then they walked out of the B&G clothing store on East 187th Street in the borough of the Bronx in New York City, out into the late afternoon sunlight, and got into a blue 1973 Oldsmobile registered to a vacant lot in Brooklyn and drove away.

The unfortunate story of Bobby Halpern, the Bronx heavyweight who was making a comeback at age 45 (SI, Dec. 5, 1977), who had served a 17-year stretch in various New York State prisons and who had fought a main event in Madison Square Garden 10 days before the May 25 shooting, should have been over. But Bobby Halpern didn't die.

He didn't die for two reasons. The years of relentless training in the prison gyms of Attica and Dannemora and Green Haven had developed his upper body to such an extent that the bullets couldn't penetrate the wall of abdominal muscle or the muscle sheath protecting his heart. "The pectoral muscle in his chest stopped a .38 slug just one centimeter from his aorta," said Dr. John Sherman, the chief surgical resident at North Central Bronx Hospital and a member of the operating team that put Halpern back together that night. "And his abdominal muscles were so strong that the bullet that hit him in the stomach couldn't get through. I've never seen anything like it."

The second reason was that when Halpern hit the floor his reflexes took over—his survival reflexes—and he kept rolling around, never giving the two gunmen a stationary target. "A guy gets shot and he goes down, 99 times out of 100 he'll curl up in the fetal position," says Bronx Detective John Kelly, who is investigating the shooting. "He's thinking, 'Please God, don't let them shoot me again.' But Halpern kept moving. He kept rolling around. They couldn't get a good shot at him. Maybe they panicked and didn't want to get too close to him, but whatever it was, it saved his life. It's amazing

for a guy to have instincts like that.

"It was a hit. There was no doubt that they intended to kill him, but they couldn't wait around all day. I mean they didn't have 15 or 20 minutes to spend there. As yet we don't know who did it—but it was somebody on orders."

Ballistics will not be that helpful, because the bullets and shotgun pellets that entered Halpern's body will remain there. "You're better off leaving them there," said Dr. Michael Kempster, the surgical resident who took care of Halpern during his six days in the intensive care unit. "It's more dangerous to start going in and operating on them. How many are in him? It's tough to say, because of the fragmentation."

He held a set of X rays up to the light. There were two objects he identified as .38 slugs in the chest, another in the abdomen, one in the left wrist and another in the right shin. The first shotgun blast had shredded Halpern's upper lip and knocked out eight teeth and had torn a chunk out of his left palm when he put up his hand to shield his face. Shotgun pellets had entered his lower intestine, one of them shattering his hip bone—or maybe it was a .38 slug that fragmented. Dr. Kempster isn't sure. He said there are more than 100 fragmented pieces of metal in Halpern's body.

It was a savage and vicious assault, even by East Bronx standards, and in a neighborhood where Bobby Halpern is something of a legend, they're wondering who would want to take him out. After he had come out of prison in January 1976, he had run up an 8-2 record, with seven knockouts, fighting four- and six-round bouts before the Garden signed him to a May 15 semifinal against Guy (Rocky) Casale, a 22-year-old former Golden Gloves finalist.

Then, when Bernardo Mercado, one of the contestants in the scheduled main event, dropped out, the Garden, noting the publicity Halpern was attracting and the \$8,000 worth of tickets he had sold on his own, made Halpern-Casale the main event. It was Halpern's first decent purse—\$5,000, including his commission on tickets he sold. Three independent movie and TV producers were talking about doing his life story; there was a book contract in the works. Then at 1:13

continued

of the third round with Casale, he walked into a straight right and was counted out. He had won the first two rounds on all cards. After the fight, he said he had "gotten careless . . . I started fooling around with the kid."

The New York State Athletic Commission conferred—there was talk that a 45-year-old fighter who had been knocked out so emphatically should be barred from the ring—but decided to let him continue to box, and he immediately went into training for a June 14 bout at the Westchester County Center in White Plains, N.Y. The night before the shooting he boxed a six-round exhibition against Angel Oquendo in the Bainbridge theater in the Bronx.

"I felt great," he said. "I was moving and slipping punches, never felt better. Next night I was going to go to the Yankee-Cleveland game in the Stadium. I was going to meet Rocky Colavito—he's coaching for the Indians now—after the game. I know him from the neighborhood. I decided to buy a suit in the B&G before I went down there."

He was sitting in a chair in his room in the hospital. Outside the room two policemen and a policewoman stood round-the-clock guard, just in case the gunmen decided to come back and finish the job. There was a tube running from Halpern's nose and another from his right arm, and a drain was attached to his side. He had been in the hospital for five days; the

next day he would be transferred out of intensive care.

"I didn't have time to think," he said. "They were right on me. I heard one of the guys from the store yell 'Bobby,' and I got my left hand up, and then I felt the heat from the blast. The first thing I thought was 'shotgun.'"

"A shotgun blast burns like someone throwing hot cinders in your face. When you get hit with a slug from a .38 it's like someone punches you. I didn't go down from the shotgun. Then I felt punches in the chest—the .38 slugs—and I must have gone down. I don't remember it. I kept thinking, 'Who'd want to kill me? Who'd want to kill me like that?'"

Who indeed? Detective Kelly said there are two ways the police can get a break in a case like this—Halpern identifying the gunmen or someone from the neighborhood coming forth to identify them.

"So far neither has happened," he said.

But the neighborhood is alive with rumors. "One thing I heard is that it didn't come from downtown," said Halpern's brother Warren, a 40-year-old gas and oil dealer in Garnersville, N.Y. "People from the neighborhood told me it was a personal thing, it wasn't ordered by any of the big guys. But even if it's a personal thing, who'd be that mad at him that they'd want to take him out? You can't believe how loved Bobby is in that neighborhood. The night he was shot, there must have been 100 guys down at the hospital trying to give blood for him."

One Bronx policeman who knows Halpern well said that he has had plenty of chances to make enemies. "Since he's been out of prison he's been clean, as far as we're concerned," the policeman said. "If I told you he stole a lollipop or stuck up a store, I'd be lying. But that doesn't really mean he's been hanging around with the right people. He worked as a bouncer in a bar some evenings. Well, maybe one night he bounced the wrong guy."

There have been rumors of outside shakedown attempts in the neighborhood, of rack-

eteers who have been trying to move in and assert themselves. "What better way to establish yourself," said a friend of Halpern's, "than to come in in broad daylight and take out a neighborhood idol like Bobby, right in his own backyard?"

But a man who has known Bobby since he was an amateur fighter 30 years ago and who also knows the East 187th Street neighborhood as well as anyone, shook his head and said no. "Any outsider coming into that neighborhood after pulling a stunt like that would never leave alive," he said. "I don't think this was a very professional job. Two guys have him set up point-blank like that and they blast away, and he comes out of it alive. If the real professionals have a contract on you, that's it."

"I think it's a private thing. I think Bobby got somebody very mad at him, and when you're mad at a guy like Bobby there's only one way to handle him. You've got to kill him. You can't go after him with your fists, because he's too tough no matter how many guys you send in. You can't go after him with baseball bats, because he's too tough for that, too. I think they figured he was so tough they had to kill him, but he was even too tough for that. What do they do now? Well, if they're thinking the right way, they'll figure, O.K., we're even, Bobby's suffered enough. If they're not, they'll go after him again."

"I'm not going to go through the rest of my life worrying about it," Halpern said. "But I'll be aware of it . . . a lot more aware of it."

He stared at his left hand, which was wrapped in bandages, with only the tips of the fingers protruding. "The hand is what worries me," he said. "I'm having trouble making a fist. I want to be back fighting again in six months, but you're not a fighter without two hands. One of the doctors told me about all the metal I'm carrying around in my body, and I said, 'Well, they'll just have to amputate me at a different weight.'"

"The doctor said 'You don't mean you're thinking of fighting again?' And I said, 'Well, why not?' and he started laughing. Then he stopped laughing."

"He said, 'What the hell am I laughing at you for? You shouldn't even be alive. But with you, Bobby, anything's possible.'"



Halpern shows his hospital visitors he still has some moves

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HAVING A BALL

The background of the entire page is a photograph of a sunset or sunrise. The sky is a gradient of orange, red, and purple. In the foreground, on the left side, are the dark silhouettes of two people wearing baseball caps and jerseys. One person is standing and looking towards the right, while the other is crouching or kneeling in front of them, also looking right. The sun is a bright, glowing orb on the horizon, partially obscured by the silhouettes.

AT MIDNIGHT

At high noon or the wee hours, baseball is a big hit in Alaska, especially in Fairbanks, where a rush of collegiate stars from the Lower 48 has turned the Pioneers to gold

by **Richard W. Johnston**

CONTINUED

ALASKA BASEBALL

continued

There are strange things done in the midnight sun . . . That would make your blood run cold

There sure are. Baseball, for one. When Robert W. Service wrote those lines at the turn of the century, the Bard of the Yukon was talking about such mundane matters as life, death and cremation—not about runs, hits and errors. Presumably Service did not know that baseball was to be played just around the glacier—in the gold-rush camp at Fairbanks—and that people would keep playing it morning, noon and midnight for the next 75 years. Well, they did and they do.

Morning and noon aren't all that remarkable, perhaps, but every year, on the longest day of the year—and it's really long in Fairbanks, which is only 160 miles south of the Arctic Circle—the Alaska Goldpanners of Fairbanks play a barnstorming team from Japan, Canada or the Lower 48 in a curious exhibition called the Midnight Sun Game. It starts at 10:30 p.m. on June 21 and can last until nearly 2 a.m. on June 22. Sometimes it's played in full daylight, sometimes it's not.

Last June's game was not. The 71st renewal of the exhibition, with Red Deer, Alberta as the Goldpanner opponent, began in bright twilight as the sun dipped toward Chena Ridge northeast of the city, and it ended in flaming triumph, both for the Goldpanners and the ascendant sun. But from the fourth through the seventh inning a lot of blood ran cold. Thanks to a formation of dense, purple clouds along and above the ridge, the middle innings might just as well have been played in a mine shaft. That accounted for many of the 11 errors committed by Fairbanks and Red Deer, but no one could explain how the teams accumulated a total of 28 hits, many on pitches that could not be seen from the stands.

As a demonstration of the quality of Alaska baseball, the game was a travesty, but seen for what it was—a rite of spring, the equivalent of a dance around the Maypole in less northerly latitudes—it was a rousing success. The 4,000 spectators, only a few of them tourists, were enchanted, the Goldpanners won 12-11 and the club sold a lot of beer because the game took so long. All in all, it was an apt way for Fairbanks residents to celebrate their delight at emerging from the long, black winter, during which temperatures drop to 60° below and ice fogs sometimes cancel the city's scant hours of daylight.

The Midnight Sun Game also exemplifies Alaskans' respect for tradition, the first such game having been played in 1906 by gold rushers whose only diversions were the Three B's (booze, birds and baseball), and their faith in certain frontier virtues (bravery, for example) not demonstra-



Panner Managers of the Decade: Dietz and Boucher.

ed all that frequently in the Lower 48. Anyone who is afraid of things that go bump in the night could not have survived those middle innings. Though it was as dark as any June 21 in a decade, no one even considered turning on the lights. Nobody ever has. Another great traditionalist, the late Phil Wrigley, would have loved Fairbanks.

Wrigley also would have loved the town because it and several other Alaskan locales have become greenhouses for major league baseball. In the last 13 years, nearly 70 players who have taken part in Alaska's summer collegiate baseball program have made it to the majors, and several

are performing prominent roles in the current pennant races in the major leagues, among them Yankees Graig Nettles and Chris Chambliss, Boston's Bill Lee, Philadelphia's Bob Boone, Oakland's Pete Broberg and Cincinnati's Tom Seaver. Sixteen of the Alaska alumni have gone to the big leagues after apprentice stints with the Anchorage Glacier Pilots, but an incredible total of 47 played their Alaskan ball in Fairbanks, a pleasant town (in summer, anyway) of 55,000 souls that is nestled in the eastern end of the

That was snow on them that mountains when



enormous Tanana Valley, deep in Alaska's interior.

On any July or August evening one can look in all directions from the roof of the Goldpanners' stadium. Growden Memorial Park, and see games in progress on 11 diamonds, not counting the Panners' own. No other sport competes for the time or money of the Fairbanks citizenry. Alaska's small population does not encourage costly sponsorship of satellite TV sportscasts; as for participatory sports, tennis and jogging are just now making a timid entrance. Baseball may no longer be No. 1 in the Lower 48, but it has never been anything else in Fairbanks.

For more than a half century the game's presence there was an even better-kept secret than it is now. Word of it still might not have reached the outside world had a volatile, flame-haired French-Irish high school dropout named Red Boucher not appeared in town in 1958. Boucher, who had spent most of his life in either a Catholic orphanage or the U.S. Navy, founded the Goldpanners, inaugurated the summer collegiate program, became mayor of Fairbanks and, only 12 years after his arrival, was elected lieutenant governor of Alaska.

Shortly before the start of last June's Midnight Sun Game, which was played in his honor, this "living legend" offered his explanation of the Panners'—and, by inference, his own—rise to glory. The words flowed like hot lava from a volcano that, at 57, is still in nearly constant eruption. "The program is love!" Boucher declaimed. "Love of family! Love of community! Love of country! Patriotism, inspiration, loyalty, pride, self-reliance"—here Boucher paused for a

breath—"yes, and apple pie and mother! All that baloney! Only I don't think it's baloney!" Neither do most Alaskans.

What "love" can do is not always measurable, but in the case of Alaska baseball it is inscribed in the record books. In the last seven years the Goldpanners have four times won the 32-team National Baseball Congress tournament, the equivalent of the U.S. championship for non-collegiate amateur teams, and have finished second three times. Twice they were runners-up to Anchorage, which won the tournament in 1969 and 1971; last summer the Panners ended up second to another Alaska team, the Kenai Peninsula Oilers. Larry Davis, the vice-president and general manager of the NBC, flew up from Wichita, Kans. to attend the 1977 Midnight Sun Game and present Jim Dietz of the Goldpanners with the NBC's Manager of the Decade award at a pregame ceremony. The Panners have been so successful under Dietz that he had the honor all wrapped up for the '70s, though two years remained in the decade. Boucher had won the same award for the '60s.

"We're always glad to see Fairbanks come to the tournament," Davis told the teams and the crowd. "In Wichita we have another name for the Goldpanners—'Money in the Bank.' " Earlier Davis had said, "When Red Boucher brought the Goldpanners to the tournament for the first time in 1962, he turned the National Baseball Congress around. We went from old ex-pros to college kids, and it revitalized the Congress." The growth of Fairbanks baseball under Boucher's guidance did not hurt the major leagues either. Minor leagues were dissolving right and left, and the in-

continued

Anchorage met the Kenai Oilers last season



Despite the casualness of the fans, Alaska baseball is no pickup game.



ALASKA BASEBALL

continued

tensifying of baseball fervor in Alaska gave young amateurs a place to play after the conclusion of their college seasons.

Fairbanks could not have accomplished any of these things if the Goldpanners had relied on local talent. The season is simply too short to develop advanced skills in Caucasians, and Fairbanks' small minority of Eskimos, Athabascans, Indians and Aleuts do not find baseball all that interesting. Boucher's solution was to go to college—several colleges, in fact. His recruiting ventures into these unfamiliar venues were almost immediately rewarding, largely because he had something to sell that most college baseball coaches ardently desired: a summer amateur baseball program that would help season their players while not compromising the athletes' NCAA eligibility. Strong community support also was vital; summer collegiate ball was not a new idea, but established programs such as the Diakotas' once-famed Basin League were being withered by the same heavy fare of major league games on TV that was hurting the minors. There was no such problem in the near Arctic.

One of Boucher's first converts was Rod Dedenoux, coach of the University of Southern California's highly successful baseball team. "Red was such a key man—the key man, really," Dedenoux says. "The majors were looking to the colleges for players, but even though we extended our seasons to 60 games or more, it still wasn't enough to really test the best prospects. The summer program Boucher envisioned would add another 60 games, which would give our kids the equivalent of a tough minor league season when you count playing both in college and Alaska. Well, Red did it, and today the quality of amateur baseball in Alaska is the finest in the country."

Even with the support of college coaches, recruiting players in the '60s could be difficult. "Nobody knew anything about Alaska," Boucher says. "A lot of the kids were surprised to find the sun shining when they got off the plane. Some of them thought they'd have to get an ice pick to clear the ground around home plate." Now Fairbanks' competition for the best college players comes mainly from other Alaskan teams. The Anchorage Glacier Pilots were founded in 1969, with a considerable shove from Fairbanks, which needed somebody to play. In 1974 Don Dennis, Boucher's handpicked successor as the Goldpanners' general manager, pushed the oil town of Kenai into founding a third team, and

in 1976 Fairbanks money helped establish the fourth member of the league, Palmer's Matanuska Valley Green Giants. Any one of them can offer inducements—mainly summer jobs complete with Alaska's boom-time wages—not available in such Lower 48 summer leagues as the Cape Cod, Atlantic Collegiate, Valley of Virginia and Central Illinois.

Although none of the recruits look for ice picks these days, there are still unique aspects to playing in Alaska. On his second day in Kenai, Rich Hacker, the assistant manager of the Oilers, looked out his bedroom window and found himself eyeball to eyeball with a moose. Some Fairbanks players

spend open dates bent over cold streams in the nearby hills, panning for gold only yards away from the site of Felix Pedro's historic 1902 strike and virtually alongside the old pipeline from the North Slope. They find a little, but not much. Those who go fishing for trout, grayling, king salmon or northern pike do a lot better.

Part of the uniqueness is the love that Boucher talks about. Inured to playing before a few close friends and relatives in campus games, the college players are thrilled to find large, passionate crowds. Fairbanks averages about 1,500 for its home games; for the Yankees to draw a similar proportion of New York's population, they would have to attract 12 million spectators a season. Fifty-two hundred fans, close to half of Fairbanks' population at the time, jammed Growden Memorial Park in 1967 for the Midnight Sun Game. And love does not stop with the last out of the ninth inning. "Every player lives with a family," Boucher says. "We call them the Midnight Sons. And they're not just housed and fed, they're loved. You put these big

gorillas into a private home, and they become the best kids that family has. You think that isn't important?" The orphaned Boucher knows it is.

Even more important to the fans is the quality of the kids' play. Each Alaska team, including Palmer, which is in only its third year of competition, is loaded with amateur all-stars. There are soft spots in every college schedule. There are none in the Alaska League. "This is a place where a kid can test himself, find out if he's really ready to sign with the pros," Boucher says. Before they get to Alaska, the great majority of the players already have been chosen in professional free-agent drafts and declined to sign; some have been selected as many as three times. Bill Stroecker, a banker who is president of the Goldpanners, recalls, "Dave



Even when not playing, the Goldpanners keep rolling

continued



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ALASKA BASEBALL

continued

Winfield told me after his first season, 'Until I came up here from Minnesota I was the best I had ever run across, but I hadn't run into the kind of players the Panners have.' " Neither, it seems obvious, have most of the Lower 48 teams that compete in the NBC tournament.

Alaska's ability to attract top collegians from as far away as the East Coast is a tribute to the efficacy of word-of-mouth advertising. Intercollegiate baseball receives little national publicity and summer amateur ball even less. During Tom Seaver's career, it occasionally has been noted that he once starred at USC but there are rarely any references to his fairly crucial seasons in Alaska. Even *The Sporting News*, baseball's bible, does not cover the Alaska League or similar programs in the Lower 48. This annoys Boucher and his successors at Fairbanks, even though they have done very nicely without extensive publicity, and it also irritates Dedeaux, whose USC teams have won the NCAA championship eight times since 1961. But the explanation for all the press indifference seems fairly reasonable: The boys of spring and summer may become the stars of tomorrow, but until tomorrow, who cares?

Although Red Boucher retired as manager of the Goldpanners in 1969, he remains a celebrity at home, in Wichita and among certain college athletic directors, major league players and team officials. Mention his name in these circles and the response is predictable: "You can't say enough about Red Boucher!" The curious thing is that nobody has ever said much about Boucher in print or on TV.

Henry Aristide Boucher ("That's why they call me Red") was born in New Hampshire to a French-Canadian father who pronounced his name "Boo-shay" and an Irish mother whose maiden name was McNally. At an early age he was deposited in St. Vincent's orphanage in Fall River, Mass., and that is where the surname was Americanized to rhyme with voucher. Red dropped out of the orphanage, high school and Massachusetts at 15 and was taken into the Navy. Although his service embraced both World War II and Korea, Boucher lists the high points of his career as "playing a little Navy ball," managing two Navy teams and winning \$25,000 on *Name That Tune* just before he retired.

After splitting the winnings with a partner, Boucher gave most of his share to the orphanage, and it was there that he met another Navy veteran, the junior Senator from Massachusetts, who suggested that Alaska, which was then on the brink of statehood, would be a good place for the 37-year-old Boucher to seek fame and fortune. "John F. Kennedy inspired me," Boucher says, his eyes glowing. "Just like Roosevelt and Lincoln and Jefferson." Boucher is very big on inspiration, which he fears is being downgraded these days. "We're losing the inspirational quality in American life," he has said on more than one occasion.

Inspired but almost insolvent, Boucher arrived in Fairbanks and decided to invest his few remaining dollars in a sporting-goods store. He was surprised and delighted to discover baseball fever burning bright in the Arctic night, and he was equally pleased to find that Fairbanks' values—preserved untainted in the deep freeze along with baseball—matched his own. From the outset Boucher and his new neighbors shared a deep faith in "all that baloney." In 1960

he organized the Pan-Alaskan Goldpanners to promote his store and began organizing the community to support the team.

"Heck, I didn't know much about baseball, I was no strategist," Boucher says, "but I've always been kind of a cheerleader." As such, he was not content to compete in the North of the Range League, the range being the great string of mountains that walls Fairbanks off from southeastern Alaska and most of the rest of the world. In 1962 he audaciously proposed that Fairbanks help end Alaska's lingering isolation by sending the Panners to the NBC tournament in Wichita.

"We all told him he'd be wasting his time and our money," says Tom Miklausch, who struck it rich with oil leases on the North Slope and helped found the Goldpanners' boosterish Nugget Club. Boucher outfitted his team by persuading each of 16 local merchants—including Miklausch, who then owned a small pharmacy—to "buy" a uniform for \$200 in return for having his firm name inscribed on the back. Says Miklausch, "We weren't just underdogs. We were too far below everybody for that. In a field of 32, we were 33rd."

The Panners—"those Eskimos," as Hap Dumont, then the NBC president, called them—were beaten by one run in the national championship game. Fairbanks was electrified—but not wired for sound. In 1962 the city had no network radio, let alone TV, and the championship game was "re-created" from telegraphed dispatches. In the wake of the near victory, the exuberant Boucher, convinced he could not rely on local talent and drop-ins, set out on his first big recruiting expedition. Before he retired at the end of the 1969 season, Boucher would take the Panners to some 30 states and Japan, winning 337 games and losing 118 along the way. Miklausch, who took some of the administrative load off Boucher in 1964 after the Panners again finished second at Wichita, says, "He knew how to get a positive response and maximize it."

"I never went much by the book," Boucher says. "Heck, I didn't know what was in the book. When we started I thought the way you threw a curve was to twist your arm. I was the kind of manager that would call the hit-and-run with two outs." Inspiration was Boucher's game, and his notion of the right attitude is the one USC's Dedeaux tries to instill in his players. "I've always admired Rod's approach," Boucher says. "Pride and inspiration! If you're a Trojan, you can eat cement!" Boucher also recalls with relish one Wichita tournament at which many major league scouts were busily filling out charts on the players. "I asked Tom Greenwade, the Yankee scout, how to do it," he says, "and then I noticed he was just scribbling notes on the back of an old newspaper. Tom said, 'I never saw a stopwatch that could see inside a young man's heart.' I never forgot that."

Although Boucher never won the NBC title (the Panners finished fourth in 1965, 1967 and 1969 and skipped the tournament to go to Hawaii in 1966 and to Japan in 1968), he either polished or inspired several future major-leaguers—among them Andy Messersmith, would-be pitcher

continued

ALASKA BASEBALL

continued

er Dave Kingman, whom Boucher made into an outfielder, Brent Strom and Gary Sutherland, as well as some of those listed earlier. Boucher also staged the most outrageous promotions since Bill Vecek sent a midjet to the plate.

"In 1964 in Wichita I knew we had to do something to get more notice for our team," Boucher says, "so I called Governor Bill Egan in Juneau and said, 'I need a bear, can you send me one?'" Egan promptly shipped him a tranquilized black bear. Boucher suited up the bear and listed him as the Panners' 16th player—the roster limit at that time—under the name of Midnight. "I put the bear in the dugout one night," Boucher recalls with delight. "The players all went and sat in the bullpen, but the fans loved it." The Panners lost to Wichita Auto Glass in the final and did not get much help from the bear, which was donated to a Wichita zoo when the series was over.

But Boucher's crowning baseball memory concerns Seaver, who pitched for the Panners in 1964 and 1965. "In our fourth tournament game we were leading a Wichita team 2-0," says Boucher, "but it loaded the bases in the fifth inning with one out. I waved Tom in. He walked the first two batters and then gave up a single before he got a guy to hit into a double play. Well, in the top of the sixth we got the bases loaded with two away and Seaver coming up. You've got to pinch-hit at a time like that, but Tom picked up a bat. All I was thinking about then was his emotional attitude and what it might do to him if I pulled him. And besides, he looked like he was going to hit me with the bat if I pulled him. So I told him to go up, and he hit a home run over the left-centerfield fence." Seaver went on to win the game and was named to the NBC All-Tournament team. He also got a USC scholarship after playing for the Goldpanners, and in 1966, following another season in Fairbanks, he was signed by the Mets.

Boucher's semiretirement in 1969 was viewed as a disaster by many Goldpanner fans, but Don Dennis, then news editor of the *Daily News Miner* and now office boss of the Panners, found an able replacement in Jim Dietz, a young assistant coach at the University of Oregon. The soft-spoken, well-organized Dennis and the intense young Dietz, a profound student of baseball and a gifted teacher, were the antitheses of the emotional Boucher. Both believed the Goldpanners no longer needed to emphasize the promotional gimmicks in which Boucher had gloried, but both were determined to make good his frustrated dream of a national championship. They had to wait until 1972, but in that year Fairbanks launched a dynasty.

The Goldpanners won three straight NBC titles, finished second to Boulder, Colo. in 1975, and then won again in 1976, upsetting a strong Anchorage team. Anchorage had been the Alaska League champions during the regular season, but lost to Fairbanks at Wichita in a 10-inning final distinguished by the two-hit pitching of Greg Farris. It was a sweet victory for Dietz, because Anchorage had beaten the Panners in the 1971 title game at Wichita. But Dietz' main satisfaction at Fairbanks—and at San Diego State, where he became the baseball coach in 1972 and where he

attained a No. 3 national ranking in 1977—has been in the furtherance of youthful baseball careers. Although Boucher certainly knew more about the game than he now professes, he did rely a great deal on psyching up his team or psyching out his opponents. "I was never much of a disciplinarian," he cheerfully recalls. Dietz is.

"I coach here as if I were coaching in NCAA Division I," Dietz says, "and I expect the players to work hard at their jobs and at baseball. I look for ability and the right attitude. If a kid has both, he's likely to make it in pro ball."

Like all the Alaska teams, Fairbanks persuades its boosters to arrange for jobs, housing, food and transportation for the players. Under NCAA rules they cannot be paid to play baseball. The NCAA itself tends to be tolerant of nominal jobs for players involved in summer leagues, but Fairbanks is not. Dietz' idea of the right attitude is 100% commitment to baseball and work. Says Dennis, "Our motto is, 'A lazy guy on the job is likely to be a lazy guy on the field.'" About 70% of the Dietz-era Panners have gone on to get at least a taste of the pro game, and a number have become stars or good journeymen—among them, Winfield, Dave Roberts, Kerry Dineen, Jim Sundberg, Steve Swisher, Jim Umberger, Floyd Bannister, Steve Kemp, Pete Redfern and Jackson Todd.

There is a tendency to think of baseball as being the same all over Alaska, but that is not quite accurate. The Anchorage Glacier Pilots are organized as a private, profit-making venture. Fairbanks, Kenai and Palmer are all non-profit, community enterprises, heavily dependent on a rare commodity known as "sweat equity," which translates into donated labor, materials and services. The Glacier Pilots must have a budget of about \$250,000 a year to pay for many of the things the Panners (who operate on \$150,000), Kenai and Palmer get for free. "I can't imagine the Pilots' board of directors painting their box seats at the Anchorage field," says Dennis, "but ours do."

If this kind of talk annoys Anchorage—and it does—another Dennis dictum infuriates the Pilots' brash young general manager, Jack Brushert. "I think it is morally wrong to make a profit out of amateur athletics," Dennis says—a precept that might startle the NCAA, which has never rebuked college athletic directors for loading their entire budgets onto the damp backs of football and basketball players. "Some profit?" Brushert says. "We cleared \$6,300 last year, and they call us profiteers!" It is true, however, that of the 10 original Pilot backers, who put up \$5,000 each, one has sold his stock for \$15,000 and another for \$13,000. Two \$1,000 dividends have been paid.

Although Dennis is perfectly sincere in his remark (if it came from Boucher one might suspect a psych-out), it has helped fuel a rivalry felt more intensely in Anchorage than in Fairbanks. "When you lose to Fairbanks," Brushert says, "it's no fun to spend the winter here." The winter of '76-77 was pretty chilly after the Panners beat the Pilots in the 1976 NBC championship game, and the ice froze solid last fall because the Pilots finished seventh at Wichita. These calamities occurred after Anchorage had won the Alaska League championship in each of those seasons.

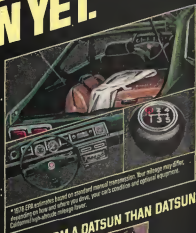
Actually Brushert has many problems not shared by oth-

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PINOT CHARDONNAY

ALASKA BASEBALL

continued

er front offices in the league, partially because the team's profit-making status tends to increase the difficulty of enticing community donations. "Some players don't try very hard to fit into families," Brushert says, "and getting suitable jobs for them isn't always easy. Employers are a little shy about hiring unskilled ball-players when local people are looking for work." Despite these difficulties, the Pilots have done extremely well in their nine years of existence. Their contributions to the major leagues have included Chris Chambliss, Randy Jones, Bruce Boche, Roy Smalley, Warren Cromartie, Jim Crawford and Bump Wills.

In the past a vast majority of the Alaskan stars came from west of the Great Divide, but Kenai, third in the Alaska League last season and the upstart champions of the NBC, may change all that. The Oilers are directed by Max Swearingen, who came to Alaska from Liberal, Kans. He brought in Mark Newman from Southern Illinois and Rich Hacker of Southeastern Illinois Junior College as his coaches. A lot of good players came along from the Midwest.

Sight unseen, one might think that Anchorage, a city of nearly 200,000, would have the strongest attraction among Alaskan cities for college players dreaming of Chavez Ravine and Yankee Stadium. Not so. Anchorage has bars, strip joints and massage parlors in abundance, but these are magnets for only a few of today's prospective major-leaguers, as highly motivated a group of collegians as you are likely to find anywhere. Many of them are more comfortable in quieter Fairbanks, which has receded from a pipeline-boom population of around 65,000 to about 55,000. Kenai, the product of an earlier oil strike, has fewer than 5,000 residents, and Palmer, in the agricultural Matanuska Valley, has fewer than 2,000.

If anything, Anchorage's glitter is a disadvantage for the Glacier Pilots and a headache for Brushert. For one thing, it necessitates stringent screening of recruits, because not everybody who applies to go north really wants to play baseball. Some just want to play. For another, it leaves Brushert with a heroic bed-check job. A visitor from any of the metropolises of the Lower 48 might consider Anchorage tame, but compared to its Alaskan rivals it is Babylonian. "The drinking age in Alaska is 19," Brushert

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ALASKA BASEBALL

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says, "and the strip joints run till 5 a.m. One year I had to send two kids home after they were spotted on stage with two naked women at 3 a.m."

Worries of this sort are nonexistent in Palmer and Kenai and of less concern in Fairbanks. "I've only had to send one boy home since I've been with the Pan-ners," Dennis says. Even during the boom, when Fairbanks' solid citizens toler- antly looked away from some of the ac- tivity on Second Street, the players never strayed—in part because they could not compete with boomer bankrolls. On rain- out nights a few Panners may drift the 10 miles to Ester to whoop it up with a couple of beers at the "original" Multi- mate saloon, but they will not find the lady known as Lou or any of her friends there. Instead, they will hear a bearded waiter (who doubles as "the kid that han- dles the music box") recite Service's *The Shooting of Dan McGrew* and declare that it all happened right there. It didn't. Service made up the saloon, the lady and Dan himself while working in a bank at White Horse in the Yukon.

But Service was right in principle. There are strange things done in the mid- night sun, and baseball isn't the only one. Last summer the lady named Lou may, in fact, have been reincarnated at the Bare Affair, the last survivor of the oil boom's take-it-all-off joints. The sun was still shining outside as the bump-'n'-grind music began on the record player and the curtains parted to reveal—who? Lou? Could've been "God" how ghostly she looks through her rouge," Service wrote. The young lady swaying at stage center wasn't wearing much rouge, or much else, and you could see she had had a hard life. She was peering at the 11 cus- tomers, none of them less than 50 years old, through bottle-bottom glasses, and her left leg was encased in a cast.

When Lou, or whoever she was, left the stage amid resounding silence, a vis- itor who had insisted on a tour of Fair- banks' night life asked his bored Alaskan host, "What was that?"

"Maybe it was Miss Boom, wounded but undaunted, looking for the gas line," said his companion.

"Ha-ha," said the visitor. "Pretty good. But where is everybody?"

"Like I said," replied the Alaskan, "out at the ball park."

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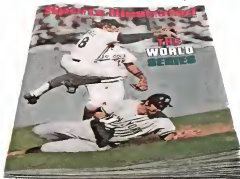
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 5-11

COLLEGE BASEBALL—USC defeated defending champion Arizona State 10-3 to win its 11th NCAA College World Series in Omaha.

PRO BASKETBALL—Just two days after the Washington Buffs won their first NBA title, beating the Seattle SuperSonics 105-99 in the seventh and final game of the NBA championship series (page X8), the long-haul bus from Portland to New York City was packed with athletes and sports fans from all over the United States. Among them were MYCHAEL THOMPSON and KORN BERGER, a 6'4" guard from Arkansas. Kansas City picking second, landed North Carolina Guard PHIL FORD. Indiana's first-round pick was 6'7" forward JAMES WARD. The first round was the New York Knicks chose a 6'5" Mustang Guard MIKE RICHARDSON. Boston, which also had two first-round picks, jumped on a 6'9" Indiana State Forward LARRY HAYES, who is eligible for the draft but will play his third year at Indiana.

In the second round, the Buffalo Bills picked a 6'7" Guard FREEMAN WILLIAMS, who led the country in scoring two years in a row at Portland State. Arizona, picking 10th and 16th, selected Manager's Assistant LEE and 6'4" Forward JACK GIVENS from Kentucky.

BOXING—LARRY HOLMES took the WBC heavy-weight title away from Ken Norton, winning a 15-round split decision in Las Vegas (page 20). On the same card CARLOS ZARATE of Mexico retained his WBC super-middleweight crown with a fourth-round knockout of Emilio Hernandez of Venezuela.

GOLF—NANCY LOPEZ shot a 13-under-par 275 to win the \$150,000 LPGA Championship at Macon, Ohio. Lopez is the fourth golfer in history to win four LPGA tournaments in a row (page 22)

ANDY BEAN made a 35-foot birdie putt on the first extra hole to beat Lee Trevino and win his second straight tournament, the \$250,000 Danny Thomas-Memphis Golf Classic.

HORSE RACING—AFFIRMED, Steve Causton up, won the \$184,300 Belmont Stakes by a head over Alydar and then the Triple Crown (image left)

CAESAR'S WISSE, ridden by Danny Wright, won the \$81,000 Mother Goose Stakes for 3-year-old fillies at Belmont.

MOTOR SPORTS—The team of DIDIER PIRONI and JEAN-PIERRE JAUSSAUD drove a turbocharged Renault A442B a record 3.134 5 miles to win the 24 Hours of Le Mans.

SOGER—Surprise Austria advanced to the second round of the World Cup competition, beating Sweden 4-0 on a penalty kick by Ingrid Krieger. Previous winners, Soviet Russia, brought in a scorching air war with Spain but also qualified for the second round. Argentina and Italy were the first to qualify, the Argentinians beating France 2-1, while Italy scored two goals in the last minute to down Hungary 3-1. Poland advanced by beating South Korea 4-0 and Mexico 3-1. West Germany moved to a 4-0 halftime lead to defeat Mexico 6-0, then led Tunisia 4-0. Peru held the Netherlands to a 0-0 tie but both teams qualified (page 24).

NASL. The league's two hottest goals, Portland and San Diego, each won two points to split with the arrivals. The Tides, Los Angeles—2 on a June 10 away goal and Seattle by a home score in a shoot-out, were whipping Portland's attack to eight and tied in NASL record San Diego won its sixth straight, 4-3 over Memphis, and earlier here Philadelphia 1-2 at Jean Wallace scored two goals. Minnesota blanked California 1-0 in Allen Wiley scored his 10th goal in the last nine games. Houston deflected Washington 1-0 with Mountain's Kevin Van Eron getting his league-leading sixth shutout.

ASL, The Eastern Division leading New Jersey Apollo snapped the California Sunbeams' five game undefeated season with a 9-1 win. California notched a goal off Ashley Chagnon, with 14 minutes left, to tie the New York Eagles 1-1, and the Apollo scored three goals in the last 30 minutes to defeat New Jersey 3-2. Los Angeles, the Western Division leader, got three goals from Jim Roffand and topped the Idaho Dawdrevils 3-2. Southern California handed New Jersey its second loss last week, 3-1. Connecticut beat Cleveland 2-0 and Sacramento forfeited a home game to the Dawdrevils due to a class of unsuitable conditions.

TENNIS—Bjorn Borg defeated defending champion Guillermo Vilas 6-1, 6-1, 6-3 to win the French Open at Paris for the third time.

WTT Anaheim found out just how unpredictable life in World Tennis Town can be. Early in the week the Orange ran into the struggling New York Apple and lost 33-15 as Billie Jean King beat Kathy Harter 6-0 and teamed with JoAnne Russell for a 4-1 win in the doubles. Prospects for a confrontation with Eastern Division-leading Boston obviously didn't appear promising. But Anaheim beat Boston 21-30 in a super re-match. The Orange also defeated Indiana 33-19. The Golden Gates moved to within one and a half games of San Diego, located Seattle 34-34.

TRACK & FIELD—2001 ANDERSON, of Cal State Northridge set an American record of 23' 7½" in the women's long jump at the AAU championships in Los Angeles. At the same meet, BRENDA MCINTREED of Tennessee State broke the American record of 22.63 for the 200-meter dash with a very windy 22.60 clocking in a nominal heat, but in the final she finished second (page 66)

Running the final 400 meters in an astonishing 17 seconds, HENRY IDONO set a world record of 27:22.6 for 10,000 meters in Vienna. The Washington State sophomore lowered the mark of Samson Kambui, his college teammate and fellow Kenyan, by eight seconds in establishing his third world record of the year.

Poland's GRAZYNA RABSYTYN broke the women's world 100-meter hurdle record in Fuenf. West Germany with a time of 12.45, 11 seconds better than the mark set in 1972 by Annette Ehrhard of East Germany.

VOLLEYBALL—Last year the Tucson Sky was the only team in the FIVB with a losing record. But this season is off to a fast start, winning four of its first five and its last three in a row, most recently beating El Paso/Juneau and Seattle to retain the Continental Division lead. Seattle dropped three of four matches, but prospects for the rest of the season brightened considerably when Poland's Szymon Gosciniak, the FIVB's outstanding setter the last three years, joined the team.

REPORTS—Hired Larry Costello, 46, as coach of the Chicago Bulls, replacing Ed Badger. Costello had 407 victories as coach of the Milwaukee Bucks from 1968 to '77.

DIED BILL HESS, 53, of pneumonia, in Athens, Ohio. The football coach at Ohio University for 20 seasons, Hess had a 108-91-4 record.

DIED: PAUL LAMBERT, 41, new head basketball coach at Auburn in a motel fire in Columbus, Ga. He came to Auburn in April, after coaching eight seasons at Southern Illinois University, where his teams had a 177-84 record.

CREDITS

19—Drawing by SCW 18.13—Stephen Green Army tape 18.10—Stephen Green Army tape (art) Hans Klummeier 30—map by William Bernstein 38.30—John G. Zimmerman (C) AP tape 40—AP 44—Roger Greenwald 42—John Jacob 43—Hans Klummeier 46—Peter Reed Miller 50—Ed Stealey 56.78—Lana Stealey 66—Minnesota Star (C)

FACES IN THE CROWD



JOURNAL OF

LILA RICHARDSON
Tampa, FL

The UCLA softball team swept to the Women's College World Series title in Omaha on five straight shutouts by Jeffers and Richardson, both freshmen. Jeffers won three games, including a 5-0 two-hitter over Northern Colorado in the championship game. Richardson beat Southwest Missouri State 1-0 on a two-hitter in Game 2, then stopped Minnesota 3-0 on three hits in Game 4. UCLA had a 31-3 record including 23 shutouts, 12 by Richardson and nine by Jeffers.



JOE LONGER
Creative Director

Joe, 12, who taught himself to play chess three years ago and has since won 26 trophies, won seven of eight matches to lead the Lincoln Elementary school team to its second straight national elementary school chess title in Arizona.



KEVIN MENDOZA
Kansas City, Mo.

A 6' 4" senior right-hander for Emporia (Kan.) State, Mendon pitched the first nine-inning no-hitter in NAIA World Series history, beating Missouri Southern 2-0. The 23-year-old was named MVP as he led the Hornets to the title.



MARTINA WHITE
STATE COLLEGE, PA.

In winning the New York Mini-Marathon in Central Park, White, 18, ran the fastest 10,000 meters in U.S. women's road-racing competition. The 5'11½" 90-pounder finished in 33:29.7, 6.3 seconds below the record set by Julie Shes in 1976.



CHARLES ADAMS IN
RACE THROUGH CAR

A guard for the Whales of the Milbu YMCA Junior Basketball league, Charles, 7, averaged 24 points while playing only three quarters of each game. In three games he accounted for all his team's points, and in one game he scored 45.

RUNNING ON

Sir:

After reading Frank Deford's thoughtful appraisal of runners and of the articles and books pertaining to running (VIEWPOINT, June 5), I can only say that his attitude has further convinced me of what I know all along: SI and its writers are clearly devoted to cars, horses and boats, and insuring games of poker, bridge and Frisbee, notwithstanding a knee-jerk worship of baseball, basketball and football.

As for bores, the biggest ones I've ever met are pompous sportswriters who pretend to know what sport is about. I don't claim to have a monopoly on the subject either, but I'm very sure any magazine that considers a horse among the athletes of the year and gives virtually no coverage to a sports event like the Boston Marathon is way out in leftfield in regard to its perception of what athletics is about. I'm sure Deford is most comfortable in leftfield.

You're lucky to have Kenny Moore! See you on the road, Frank

BILL RODGERS
Boston

Sir:

Running—or jogging—is a sport and just about anyone can participate. That is why it is catching on like wildfire. People who have never thrown a baseball, caught a football or dribbled a basketball are putting on running shoes and becoming participants rather than spectators for the first time in their lives. And you know what, Frank Deford? They love it!

Aside from the exercise, other aspects of running are good. Try to find even a half-serious runner who smokes, drinks in excess or doesn't keep a watchful eye on his diet. I can't find any. But God bless every one of the movie stars, grandmothers, children, women and doctors Deford speaks of so harshly. They are doing something for themselves. Who knows, maybe even editorial writers can conquer fat, laziness and boredom with a pair of running shoes. Try it, Frank, you might just like it.

ANDY L. FRAZIER
Orange, Texas

Sir:

I'd like to know who is twisting Frank Deford's arm to read anything. Has Frank Shorter discovered a way to put subliminal messages into Deford's morning coffee? Is Bill Rodgers whispering down his chimney? The truth is that because of all these articles on running, people are finally doing what they should have been doing all along—taking care of their bodies.

I conceive that there are too many articles on running. But isn't it sad that running had to be rediscovered by a nation that otherwise might not be suffering from sedentary habits, obesity and heart disease?

CANDICE C. GILMAN
East Hartford, Conn.

Sir:

Writing about boredom must be the ultimate bore. Just please spare me tales of how bored you are, Frank.

AL MURIELSTEIN
Charlottesville, Va.

Sir:

Although I am an enthusiastic runner, I agree with Frank Deford. In fact, a running industry has developed whose aim is to convince us that running is more important than it really is. The effects of this running hustle go beyond the mere creation of boredom. They threaten to make work out of play and organization out of spontaneity.

NEAL MILNER
Hemelhus

Sir:

Leave it to Frank Deford to put salt on my wounds. He has, I feel, finally put some sorely needed thumbtacks inside this country's collective jogging shoe. He has vented what we all know to be true, viz. a bore is a bore is a bore is a runner. See Erich Segal for references.

I fully expect that a "Bore War" has been touched off and that there will be a flood of epistles from irate runners, serving only to widen the yawn associated with the already burgeoning genre of Ennui Chic. I will now quickly conclude, lest I be accused of producing a "run-on" paragraph.

KEVIN J. MALLORY
Rochester, N. Y.

Sir:

A Pulitzer, at least, for Frank Deford for showing jogger bores into the pits where they belong.

GEORGE BLAHOV
Rochester, N. Y.

CARDINAL CATCHER

Sir:

As a St. Louis Cardinal fan living in enemy territory, I often hear rabid Cub fans heap abuse upon my team. Possibly the most reviled Cardinal of all has been Ted Simmons, which is not surprising, because Simmons has hit .356 lifetime in Wrigley Field. Thank you for helping to set the record straight on him (*He's Some Piece of Work*, June 5). Maybe your article will quiet the hecklers.

My only quibble is that you might have gone further than to say that Simmons is the

equal of the Publicized Three—Johnny Bench, Thurman Munson and Carlton Fisk. Conceivably Munson is in a class with Simmons, but neither Bench nor Fisk has been outstanding year in and year out. Can they claim, as Simmons can, that hitting .291 in a season means an off year? I had hoped you would point this out. Nevertheless, thank you for showing that a lack of publicity, not a lack of ability, is all that separates Simmons from the others.

STEPHEN CURRIE
Chicago

Sir:

Ted Simmons wears a Philadelphia Eagles T shirt because he likes underdogs, and "the Eagles need all the help they can get." Maybe Simmons should be wearing his own team's T shirt at home, because the Cards really can use some help.

JOHN WILCHIA
Carbondale, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA BEARS

Sir:

In the article *Bearing Up Under the Strain* (June 5), Bill Gilbert states that bears have suffered from civilization, then condones the actions of people who feed bears suet, marshmallows and sweets. The problem of people feeding bears is common in our national parks. Here man is the intruder and is cautioned to keep at a safe distance from bears—and told never to feed them.

Gilbert also mentions the fact that many people in the Poconos are upset about the hunting of black bears but fails to mention that hunters have paid millions of dollars over the years toward wildlife conservation and game management.

JEFFREY WHITE
Holliston, Mass.

Sir:

A story from Pennsylvania "bear country" referring to the sad but necessary shooting of a semite bear that had to be destroyed because it terrorized a neighborhood appeared in a local newspaper two days after I read Bill Gilbert's article. This is often the result when supposedly intelligent people insist upon treating wild animals like guests from Walt Disney Productions.

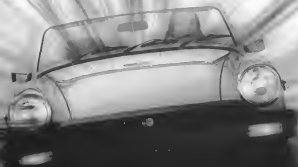
JOHN D. FRILING
Amherst, Pa.

BACK ON THE MAP

Sir:

In his article *Cornell Stayed Down on the Farm* in your April 10 issue, Joe Muschall wrote, "Baltimore may still be the home of the oriole, Blaze Starr and crab cakes, but the capital of lacrosse has moved north to

continued



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19TH HOLE continued

the scenic Finger Lakes region of New York."

In light of Johns Hopkins' 13-8 defeat of Cornell for the NCAA Division I championship (*The Big Red Ended Up Red-Faced*, June 5) and Roanoke's 14-13 victory over Hobart for the Division II-III title, I advise Marshall to get a new lacrosse map.

It's good to see lacrosse getting some publicity, but instead of deciding at midseason who is best, why not wait until the end, when the cream rises to the top?

BRENT A. BERGER
Hopkins 1980
Potomac, Md

Sir:

I congratulate you for your fine article on the NCAA lacrosse final. However, further photographic coverage would have given the average reader a much greater appreciation of the last of the "fun" team sports.

For purposes of clarification, I should also point out that the implication that Navy was the national champion between 1960 and 1967 is incorrect. In 1961, the Army team, of which I was a member, was co-champion with Navy, having defeated the Muddies 10-8 in the final game. Our coach, James F. (Axe) Adams, was, I believe, a member of the 1947-50 Hopkins team. More lacrosse coverage in the spring will certainly help to speed the word about this great game.

LEONARD A. BUTLER
Lieut. Colonel, USAF
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Two pages of trivia and nowhere is there mention of 25-plus hours of the best defense imaginable. Cornell was held to eight goals, not because Hopkins Coach Henry (Chet) Ciccarone's wife Sue served cheesecake alongside a Big Red dummy, but because Will Harkness, Mark Greenberg, Mike Sheedy, Mike Connor and others played smart one-on-one defense, slid when necessary and dominated ground-ball play at their end of the field. This coupled with Mike Federico's brilliant one-on-one saves in close shut down the Big Red offense. Note, too, that Hopkins scored only 13 points, below the winners' average score in title games. Credit Chris Kane & Co. from Cornell—they, too, played quite well. All in all, it was a first-rate defensive battle that warmed the hearts of all ex-defensemen who saw it. Certainly it deserved more credit.

ROBERT J. BARRERA
Hopkins Defense 1974
Cambridge, Mass.

RUTGERS STICKMAN

Sir:

Thank you for including Rutgers lacrosse star Tom Sweeney in the May 22 *FACES IN THE CROWD*. As associate sports editor and lacrosse writer for the *Rutgers Daily Targum*, I would like to add that Sweeney finished the season with 50 goals, topping by six the Rutgers record for goals in a season. He had 20 as-

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

ass for 70 points, third on the Rutgers list for points in a season. In addition to his 10-goal, three-assist game against C. W. Post, Sweeney had a seven-goal, one-assist game against Air Force, a six-goal, two-assist game against Bucknell, a five-goal game against Princeton and a four-goal, six-assist game against Penn State. Last year he became the first freshman in Rutgers history to receive All-America honors.

MICHAEL KLEINER
Philadelphia

BIG ED Sir

On reading Ron Firmin's *Past 3,600 and Still Counting*, May 15) and several readers (May 29) reminiscing over great hitters who were in one way or another deprived of 3,600 hits, I was struck by the fact that no one mentioned Big Ed Delahanty. At the age of 35, Delahanty had amassed 2,593 hits, along with seasons of .400, .399, .394 and .408, for the lifetime average of .346, according to *The Sporting News' Daguerotypes of Great Baseball Stars*.

After terrorizing National League pitching for more than a decade with Philadelphia, he jumped over to the infant American League in 1902 and won the batting title with .376 in Washington.

Then, in the next season, on the night of July 2, 1903, he was put off a train at Fort Erie, Ontario after an altercation with a conductor. He wandered along the tracks onto the international trestle crossing the Niagara River between Fort Erie and Buffalo and, presumably, fell off into the roaring river. His body was later recovered.

DEANE NORRIS
Salina, Kans.

PRIDE OF MOUNT VERNON (CONT.)

Sir

Reader Malcolm Gissen (May 29) brought us up to date on the stars of the 1973 Mount Vernon (N.Y.) High School basketball team. I saw two of their games but was too young (it was seven) to appreciate their greatness. However, my dad tells me often of their full-court press, organized by the 1971 coach, Vince Chon, a friend of my family.

This letter is to tell your readers about this year's suburban wonders. The 1977-78 Mount Vernon team was undefeated and easily won the state championships. (The girls' team won the Section I AA championship.) The leader of the boys' team, Carlton (Scooter) McCray, is as talented as any high school player and will be a great asset to the University of Louisville next season.

STEVE TOVEN
Eastchester, N.Y.

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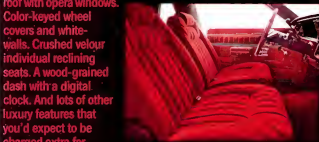
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